Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

Terms, $2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 6. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872. NUMBER 10.

1872. SPRING. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE PANS, BOILERS &c,

COAL STOVES, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES,

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to

Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,

at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

TO CASH CUSTOMERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Willow Shoe Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery* Ware of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Applesl Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl-Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb, 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Centre Street. Jan.20.-1y.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS

FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM..... .....JAS. B. ZAHM

ZAHM & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Clinton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat hair s,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct.13, 1870.-tf.

Geis & Foster,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street.

Johnstown, Pa.

Invite the attention of buyers to their large and elegant stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,

CARPETS, OIL OIL CLOTHS, &c.,

AT EVERY PRICE!

LORETTO CIGAR MANUFACTORY.—Having purchased the interest of D. J. Kelly in the above establishment, the subscriber will hereafter conduct the business on his own account. Excellent brands of CIGARS, as dry as a loper on the morning after a big spree, will be constantly kept on hand, ready for delivery. A continuance and increase of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

B. KELLY.

Loretto, March 16, 1872.-3t.

THE WONDERFUL DREAM.

"Oh, yes, sartin! Yes, yes—I believe in dreams," said old Silas Tafton. He took another whiff at at his pipe, and then added: "One of the greatest speculations I ever went into come of a dream—a wonderful dream. I'll tell you about it."

And we listened to the old man's story as follows:

You remember, some of you, about the great land speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men—a very few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men were made suddenly poor; I was living then in Grey. One day old Sam Whitney, of Oxford, stopped at our place, and showed us a map of a new town which had been laid out in Sagadahoc. On the map it looked beautiful. There were brooks, and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, with streets all laid out, and spots for churches and school-houses marked in proper array. I had a cousin living down that way, and I concluded to go down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had shown me on his map, to be a wild, worthless tract, all rocks and swamp; but on the edge of this tract, in another town ship, my cousin owned a piece of good land, and I bought a hundred and fifty acres of it, and made me an excellent farm; and for that purchase I was never sorry.

Meantime Ellenville was nearly all sold in hundred-acre lots. The excitement was at fever heat, and people bought without once thinking of coming to look at the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new owners began to look up to their property, and you can rest assured that they were a blue set when they were assembled on that territory. Within all the limits of the mapped out township there was not an acre that could be cultivated. On the side that bordered my farm it was a craggy ledge of rocks; and beyond that to the eastward the land settled away under the mud and the water of a sunken slough. Some of these lots had been sold as high as one pound an acre, and a few of them even higher than that. One poor fellow, named John Twist, from Vermont, had paid one pound an acre for a lot that bordered on my farm. On the map it had been set down as a magnificent pin forest, with a beautiful river upon its border, on which was a superb water-power. John Twist bought it and paid for it, and when he came to look at it he found it to be a mass of barren rock, with here and there a mass of clump or scrub oak and a few Norway pines, and for a river he found a water-course which tumbled melted snow over the crags in the spring, but which was dry most of the year. I did not see the poor fellow when he came to survey his property, but I can imagine how he felt.

After a while, however, the excitement passed off, and the sufferers of Ellenville turned their backs upon the grave of their speculative hopes. On my farm I prospered. My land was of the very best quality; my wife was a true helpmate; my crops were abundant; my stock thrived, and I found myself at length with a goodly pile of money tied up in my stocking.

One evening in early autumn, after our crops had all been garnered, a man, riding a sorry-looking nag, pulled up before our door. He was a well-looking man, with a sedate and solemn face, and dressed in black. It was safe enough to conclude that he was a minister, and so he announced himself. He said he was the Rev. Paul Meekmore; he was a missionary, on a home circuit, and asked shelter for himself and his beast for the night. Of course we welcomed him cheerfully; and we were pleased with him. He had traveled extensively and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. Before he went to bed he read a chapter in the Bible and made a prayer, and Betsy said to me, after he had retired, that she never heard such a beautiful prayer in her life.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Meekmore was very sedate. He asked a blessing, and then only answered such questions as were asked him Finally Besty told him she was afraid he had not slept well. He smiled, and said he had slept very well, saving the spell of a curious dream which had visited him three separate times during the night.—Betsy asked him if he would tell what it was about.

"It was the old dream of hidden wealth" he said, with a solemn look. "I haven't dreamed such a dream before, since by a wonderful dream in South Africa I led to the discovery of a diamond mine worth millions of dollars; and it never profited me a penny. But such wealth is not for me. I need it not. My calling hath higher and holier aims. And yet this poor flesh is sometimes weak enough to lust after the dross of gold and silver!"

By degrees we got from him that he had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. The mine seemed to his vision utterly exhaustless in the precious metal; but he could not locate it. Betsy, whose curiosity was aroused, would have pushed the matter, but Mr. Meekmore finally shook his head more solemnly than ever, and said that he would rather forget the dream if he could.

When the missionary's horse was at the door, and the owner was prepared to start off, he informed us that he was bound toward the Canada line, and that he might return that way. Of course we told him that our door would always be open to him; and he promised that he would abide with us again if he had the opportunity.

In two weeks Mr Meekmore came back. He had received a summons, he said, from the home board, to return to Boston and make immediate preparations for a winter's compaign in the West.

The second evening in the society of the reverand gentlman we enjoyed more than we had enjoyed the first. His fund of anecdote and adventure was literally exhaustless, and yet an odor of sanctity and delicacy prevaded all his speech. We urged that he should spend a few days with us, but he could not. He said it would give him great pleasure so to do, but his call to the new field of labor in the West was pressing and imperative.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion; and when questioned on the matter he told us that he had been visited by the same strange dream again.

"This time," he said "the vision came with wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the overlying territory. It was a wild, desolate spot, by a deep ravine, through which the snow of winter seemed to find release in spring, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark and wide-stretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality."

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a pencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the spot he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where, beneath the roots of an old, stumpy pine tree, he had seen an outcropping of the precious metal.

He had drawn the picture, he told us, to show us how vivid his dream had been; but he advised us to think no more of it, Even if it were possible that the dream had substance, the body of the mine was far below the surface, and, moreover, the Lord only knew where the spot was located, even allowing that such a spot existed.

For once in my life I had allowed my cupidity to get the better of my outspoken honesty. I allowed the reverend guest to depart, and did not tell him that I knew where there was a spot exactly the original of that which he had pictured, even to every rock, shrub, tree and ravine,—And that spot was upon the wild lot which had been purchased by John Twist, and which John Twist owned still.

That very afternoon, armed with an old axe and a pick, I sallied forth to the rough outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured lot was to be found, and when I had reached it I was more than ever struck by the faithfulness of Mr. Meekmore's draft. The accuracy in detail was wonderful. And when I reflected that this draft had been made by one who was an utter and absolute stranger to the place,—made from the simple impressions of a dream,—is it a marvel that I was strongly and strangely influenced? I found the old tree which the reverend dreamer, had particularly designated, and went to work at its roots.

And ere long my labors were rewarded. Beneath one of the main roots I found a lump of pure white metal as large as a hen's egg; and upon further chopping and digging I found several more smaller pieces. They had evidently been broken from a molten mass, and upon rubbing off the dirt I found them all pure and bright.

That night I slept but little, I could only lie awake and think of the vast wealth that lay buried in that bleak hillside. But what could I do? The lot was not mine, and I should run great risk if I troubled another man's property. And moreover if I made further exploration while the land was not mine the secret might be divulged and the vast wealth snatched from me. I must purchase the Twist lot, and I had no doubt that I could buy it for a mere song.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and when I had spoken of the Twist lot he informed me that not only that lot but a number of others, were for sale. They had been advertised and would be sold at auction in two weeks. He called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot; but I told him I had looked it over and made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of grazing there throughout the summer months. He asked me if I hadn't already got all the sheep pasture I needed; but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to becoms known. On the appointed day I went over to the settlement where the land was to be sold. It was to be put up in hundred-acre lots, and sold by the original plans of Whitney purchase. Lot nnmber one was put up first, and sold for one quarter of a cent an acre.

The next lot was the "Twist lot," so called, and I heard it whispered that iron and copper ore had been discovered upon it. A stranger, in jockey clothes, started it at fifty cents an acre. Another stranger who wore a blue frock and top-boots bid seventy-five.

Then there was more talk about iron and copper. The man in the jockey suit said that he had positive assurance that pure iron ore had been found in some of the gulches, and he bid one dollar an acre. At this point I entered the contest, and bid one dollar and twenty-five cents. Up—up—up—twenty-five cents at a time, until at length I had bid ten dollars an acre. People called me crazy. Ten Dollars an acre was more than the very best land in the whole country was worth. But I held my bid, and kept my own counsel.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just one thousand dollars. The terms were cash. I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver, and found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I borrowed the other fifty without trouble at the settlement, and straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and when the Squire had assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe, I handed over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simpkins if Mr. Twist was present.

"He was here a few minutes ago," said Simpkins, "and will be back again after his money. He's feeling pretty good, I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred-acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was worth."

Half an hour afterward I called at the squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

"There he is now," said Simpkins, "just bound off"

I looked at the window, and saw, at the door of the inn, on the opposite side of the way, a tall man, in a bottle-green coat, with bright glaring buttons, just mounting a horse. I recognized the horse; and I recognized the man,

'Who is that man?" I asked "he with the green coat and bright buttons?"

"That," said Simpkins, "is Mr. John Twist."

In a moment more the man in the bottle-green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle-bags behind him; and buttoned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It flashed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meekmore and Mr. John Twist were one and the same person!

A few days afterward I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him what they were. He took the largest lump and tested it, and said:

"Pewter!"

I asked him if pewter was ever dug out of the earth in that shape.

"Well," said he, "seeing that pewter is an alloy of tin and lead, it couldn't be very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it beforehand."

Touching further explanations on my "Twist lot" I will not speak. I will only add that I have at home an old stocking with half a dozen lumps of pewter in it; and I never look upon it but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things!

USEFUL PROVERBS.—Waste nothing—neither time, money nor talent.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

He who gives a trifle meanly, is far meaner than the trifle.

A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of notions.

Men, looking at the faults of women, should shut their eyes

If we seize too hastily we may have to drop as hastily.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good and a curse to the evil.

Let everything have its place and every business its place.

Better be upright with poverty than be wicked with plenty.

The tenderist heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion.

Time never sets heavily upon us but when it is badly employed.

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

Resolve to perform what you ought and perform what you resolve.

The stupid great man, like a clown, gets up only to tumble down.

IN crossing the plains in 1852 Tommy Dod was gobbled up by the Goshoot Indians, and for some months remained a captive among them. He says among other plunder obtained by the Indians when they took his train was a hand organ which an adventurous Italian was bringing out to California. The organ was a big thing among the Indians after they had reached their village. The chief had a man to sit in front of his hut and grind it every night. It was set to play "Yankee Doodle," and "Yankee Doodle" it played every night, week in and week out, without "variation." One night, in fooling with the "machine," the Indian grinder shifted the stop, and when he resumed the crank out came "Pop Goes the Weasel." The old chief listened a moment, and supposing the machine was spoiled, seized his tomahawk, leaped from the door of his hut, and with a fierce yell, brained the discoverer of the new tune upon the spot.

The True Story of Enoch Arden.

We have had so many versions of Enoch Arden, that the indentity of that individual has become, like fried wool, considerably mixed. George Harding, the renowned author of the Bluebird story, comes to the rescue, and says that Enoch was a sailor of Merom, Sullivan county, Indiana, and ran a horse ferry boat over the Wabash. He and Philip Ray courted the same gal, but Enoch, having the emoluments of the ferry, and being rather better looking, got ahead of Philip, who turned misanthrope, retired to a cave in the bluff, and there lived on acorns, 'sang' and fresh water clams, which he took from the shores of the Wabash at low tide. The day was set for the marriage, and Enoch invested his savings in a suit of yaller jeans and a new coon-skin cap, while the bride went to Tarrahut for her *trousseau*.

But the course of true love is tortuous. There came a long dry spell; and the people, instead of patronizing the ferry, waded the Wabash. Enoch's business was broken up, and to mend his broken fortunes he shipped before the mast as coxswain on a broadhorn, and started down the river. The noble vessel, after weathering a terrific gale, was wrecked on a Paw-Paw island, and all the crew, with the exception of Enoch, perished in the briney deep. Enoch clung to a barrel of salt pork, and was swept ashore, where he was taken prisoner by a band of pirates, who apprenticed him to the shoemaker of the band.

For many years Enoch hammered leather on the island, occasionally looking out from under a plum tree to see how the land lay. In the meantime there came a long dry spell, and Enoch, who by this time had so excelled in his profession that the pirates could not be induced to give him up at any price, waded ashore with his kit of tools around his neck, first having killed and skinned the pirate Captain.

Once ashore, Enoch struck a bee-line for Merom, where he arrived just in time to interrupt the wedding of Philip Ray—Enoch's bride, thinking him dead, having yielded to Philip's strong solicitations. Enoch promptly put a head on Mr. Ray, and the latter gentleman again retired to his hole in the bluff and his diet of clams. Having little muscle, he took to mussels. Enoch then carefully tanned the pirate's skin, and made a pair of boots of it, in which, after exhibiting it at the county fair, he stood up to be married. He then went to Indianapolis, where he distinguished himself as the greatest artist in leather of his day.

HOW THE DEACON GOT EVEN.—The deacon was not very much behind, if the following story be true:

In a small town on the Schuylkill river there is a church in which the singing had run down. It had been led many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually failing. One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn which was an odd measure, and rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister rose and said:

'Brother B——— will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot pray after such singing.'

The deacon very composedly pitched into another tune, and the clergyman proceeded with prayer. Having finished, he took up the book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying in a voice audible to the whole congregation:

'Will Mr. ——— make another prayer? It would be impossible for me to sing after such a prayer as that.'

A YOUNG MAN in Sunbury was fishing in the canal one day last fall, when the cook of a passing canal-boat tumbled overboard. He plunged in and rescued her, and she thanked him, asked his name, climbed upon the deck of her vessel, and sailed away. Last month the youth was surprised by a visit from the maiden and her father. The old man rushed up, seized his hand, and said: "You saved the girl, she's yourn. Take her, my son—take her and be happy, with a father's blessing. No man shall say that I'm ungrateful." The maiden moved forward as if to seek an embrace, but the gallent youth dashed through the window and fled, pursued by the parent and his child. He has since written home from the far West to say that, if he ever perceives another canal-boat cook in the canal, he will tie a cargo of anvils to her neck to hold her down.—*Max Adler.*

JIM GUFFINS was a very clever, nice, good dispositioned, thick headed sort of a fellow, and was the butt of all the girls in his neighborhood. The most brilliant thing he ever said was when some of the fair teasers questioned him one day in regard to his powers of memory.

'How far back in your life-time can you remember, Jim?'

'Oh, I can remember the day I was born,' was his reply.

'The day you were born!' exclaimed one of the young ladies of the party.—'Why Jim, what can you remember of that day?'

'Oh, I remember very distinctly, that on the day I was born, I sat on a little stool in the corner of the fire-place and cried for fear I was a *girl!*'

Fifteen O'Clock.

We remember a good story which we once heard Dr. Charles Jewitt tell in one of his temperance addresses. At all events, it was good as he told it.

Lumpkins and Boozle were on their way home one night from a convivial party, and as the toasts which they had drank had been numerous, and as the beverage on the occasion had been somewhat stronger than Dr. Johnson's tea, their heads were not in a very perpendicular condition. In fact their course was an extremely zigzag and uncertain one. As they staggered onward, the bell of a neighboring church started to peal the hour of midnight.

Lumpkins stopped and caught hold of a lamp post.

"Hole on, ole feller," he said to his companion, "let's see what (hic) time 'tis."

Boozle also embraced the lamp-post, and they both counted the strokes of the deep-toned bell.

"One—two—three—"

At this point the clock of another church just down a diverging street, slightly behind the time of its neighbor, commenced to strike, and so nearly did its notes harmonize and time in with the other, that the obfuscated senses of our two adventurers did not catch the double strokes.

They counted on, loudly and in unison—"eleven—twelve,"—and without break of time or rhythm the belated clock kept on to finish its work, and the convivial knights kept on counting—

"Thirteen! Fourteen! Fifteen!"

"Fifteen o'clock!" cried Lumpkins transferring his hold from the lamp-post to the shoulders of his companion. "I say, Boozle, I ken remember, (hic,) man an' boy, for (hic) nigh onto forty years, but (hic) bless me if I ever before (hic) knew it to be so late as this."

TAKE YOUR COUNTY PAPER.—"Wal, Squire, you say you don't take your county paper."

"No, Major, I get city papers on better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But Squire, these country papers are a great convenience to us; the more we encourage them the better the editor can make them."

"I don't know that they are of any convenience to me."

"The farm you sold last spring was advertised in one, and you thereby obtained a customer."

"Very true Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"Now if the neighbors had not maintained that press, you would have been without the means of publishing your daughter's marriage, and your brother's death last summer."

"Yes, yes, but—"

"And when your nephew was a candidate for the legislature, you were highly gratified at his newspaper defence, which elected him and cost nothing."

"Yes; but these little things are news to the readers, and make the people take the papers."

"No, no, Squire, not if they are all like you, now. I tell you, Squire, the day will come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life, character, etc., and the printer will put it in type, with a heavy black rule under and over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave is furnished for a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such, will be spoken of; but the ptinter, as he spells the words in arranging the type, will remark: 'Poor, mean, devil, he never took the paper, and is now swindling the printer out of his funeral notice.' Good morning."

HOW COFFEE WAS DISCOVERED.—Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, a poor Arab was travelling in Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree which happened to be covered with dried berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that these half burned berries were fragrant. He collected a number of these and, on crushing them with a stone, he found their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this, he accidentally let fall the substance into a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! the almost putrid liquid was instantly purified; he brought it to his lips; it was fresh and agreeable. In a moment after the traveller had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Eden, in Arabia, he informed the Mufti of his discovery. That worthy dive was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted at the recovery of his former vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it Canush, which in Arab signifies force. And this is the manner in which coffee was discovered.

A DIGGER INDIAN BOY, about fourteen years of age, employed on a sheep ranche in Monterey county, Cal., herds about 800 sheep, all by himself, and knows every one of them by sight. When he brings them home at night, he is able to tell, without counting, whether any one is missing.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : March 30, 1872.

THE Legislature will adjourn *sine die* on next Thursday. *Laus Deo!*

THE annual State election in Connecticut will take place next Monday. The candidates for Governor are Reuben Jewell, the present radical incumbent, and R. D. Hubbard, democrat A year ago Jewell was elected by a majority of *one hundred* votes. In the present contest each party expresses great confidence in its own success. In a State where political sentiment is so evenly balanced, the result is quite as uncertain as the scheme in a lottery. Until the ballots were counted, Connecticut for several years has been regarded as debatable ground.

ON Saturday night the committee appointed to try the contested election case of McClure vs. Gray heard the argument of counsel in the senate chamber at Harrisburg. Messrs. Hagert and Cassidy spoke in behalf of the contestant, and Mr Briggs for Gray. Mr. Cassidy made a powerful argument and claimed that the election of McClure by at least 1800 majority of the legal votes cast was established beyond doubt. Mr. Briggs admitted a reduction in the reported majority for Gray, but claimed that enough margin was still left to entitle his client to retain his seat. The committee will soon render a decision.

P. S. On Wednesday the committee reported in favor of Col. M'Clure, who was immediately sworn into office and took his seat. As we have not seen the report we are unable to state the reasons in detail on which the majority of the committee base their action. It is safe to say, however, that from the magnitude of the frauds developed during the investigation, public sentiment had anticipated the conclusion at which the committee has arrived. The result sounds the death knell of the corrupt and lawless radical election ring in Philadelphia. This alone is a triumph of right and justice at which all honest men will rejoice exceedingly.

THE LOCAL OPTION bill has finally passed both branches of the Legislature and has been sent to the Governor for his signature. The bill, in its present shape, submits the question of license to a vote of the people in "*cities and counties*," and is not limited to "*cities, boroughs and townships*," as was proposed in the original bill. Following is the full text of the act as it passed the Senate and was sent to the House, and in this shape no doubt it will become the law:

AN ACT to permit the voters of this commonwealth to vote every three years on the question of granting licenses to sell intoxicating liquors.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That on the 3d Friday in March, 1873, in every city and county in this commonwealth, and at the annual municipal elections every third year thereafter in every such city and county, it shall be the duty of the inspectors and judges of elections in the cities and counties to receive tickets either written or printed from the legal voters of said cities and counties, labeled on the outside "license," and on the inside "for license" or "against license," and to deposit said tickets in a box provided for that purpose by said inspectors and judges, as is required by law in the case of other tickets received at said elections, and the tickets so received shall be counted and a return of the same made to the clerk of the court of quarter sessions of the peace of the proper county duly certified as required by law, which certificate shall be laid before the judges of the said court at the first meeting of said court after said election shall be held and it shall be filed with the other records of said courts, and it shall be the duty of the mayors of cities and sheriffs of counties or of any other officer whose duty it may be to perform such service, to give due public notice of such special election above provided for three weeks previous to the time of holding the next annual municipal election in every such city and county, and also three weeks before such election every third year thereafter: *Provided*, That this act shall not be construed to repeal or affect any special law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors or prohibit the granting of licenses: *Provided*, That when the municipal elections in any county or city do not occur on the third Friday in March the election provided for in this section shall be held on the day fixed for the municipal elections in said city or county.

And provided further, That all licenses granted after the 1st day of January, 1873, shall cease, determine and become void on the 1st day of April, 1873, if the district for which they shall be granted determine against the granting of license, and the treasurer of the proper county shall then refund to the holder of said license the moneys so paid therefor, for which the said treasurer shall be entitled to credit in his account with the Commonwealth.

SEC. 2. That in receiving and counting and in making returns of the votes cast the inspectors and judges and clerks of said elections shall be governed by the laws of this commonwealth regulating general elections, and all the penalties of said election laws are hereby extended to and shall apply to the voters, inspectors, judges and clerks voting at and in attendance upon the election held under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 3. Whenever, by returns of elections in any city and county aforesaid, it shall appear that there is a majority against license it shall not be lawful for any license to issue for the sale of spirituous, vinous, malt or other intoxicating liquors, or any admixture thereof, in said city or county at any time thereafter, until at an election as above provided a majority shall vote in favor of license; *Provided*, That nothing contained in the provisions of this act shall prevent the issuing of licenses to druggists for the sale of liquors for medicinal and manufacturing purposes: *Provided*, The citizens of Lebanon shall vote upon the question on the third Friday of March, 1873, on the same day and time when the townships of the county of Lebanon hold their spring elections.

The Cincinnati Convention.

The great object of political interest just now is the Convention of liberal anti Grant republicans which will assemble at Cincinnati on Wednesday, the 1st of May. It promises to be largely attended and to number among its members many of the ablest and most influential men in the republican ranks—men who laid the foundations and built up the fortunes of that party when U. S. Grant was an obscure resident of Missouri, without any fixed political opinions.

Although the Cincinnati convention was not originally called for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, but to express its stern opposition to the blunders and corruptions of Grant's administration and to announce the essential and true principles upon which the government ought to be administered, it seems now to be pretty well settled that a national ticket will be placed in nomination. It seems also to be understood that one of the four following named gentlemen will be nominated as its candidate for President, viz: Judge Davis, of Illinois, Lyman Trumbull, of the same State, Governor Brown, of Missouri, or Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts. Judge Davis is already the nominee of the Labor Reform party, which organization had recently an opportunity of exhibiting its strength at the election in New Hampshire, where it claimed to be well organized and to be a mighty power in the State, and yet it did not poll over *five hundred* votes. If this miserable effort in one of its boasted strongholds was a fair indication of its strength throughout the country, then as a formidable political body it is "not worth a row of pins," and the Labor Reform party may as well hang up its harp and its candidate on the willows.

Judge Davis, in our opinion, will not develope much force at Cincinnati. Mr. Trumbull is a gentleman of superior attainments and unspotted reputation. His long experience as a Senator and his thorough acquaintance with the administrative affairs of the government eminently qualify him for the office of President. Governor Brown is a man of marked ability and great decision of character, and may be regarded as the originator of the Missouri movement. Like Judge Trumbull, he commenced political life as a democrat. The chances of Charles Francis Adams, although he is undoubtedly one of the foremost statesmen of the country, will be materially lessened from the fact that in New England, where he resides, the liberal movement has not made very rapid progress. All the indications therefore point to the nomination either of Mr. Trumbull or Gov. Brown. If there is any substantial difference between the political views entertained by these two gentlemen and those held by Jeremiah S. Black, Thomas A. Hendricks, Allen J. Thurman, and other acknowledged democratic leaders, we confess that we have not been able to discover it. With either Trumbull or Brown as the candidate, standing on a broad, liberal and honest platform, the fate of the present corrupt and jobbing administration is irrevocably doomed.

THE report of the proceedings in Congress on the 22d instant discloses the following interesting facts:

Mr. MCCRARY, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution to pay to Mr. Cessna, of Pennsylvania, the unsuccessful contestant for the seat of B. F. Meyers, $4,480 as his actual, reasonable, and necessary expenses.

He stated that the Committee had required itemised accounts under oath from all the contestants, and that this sum was $1,500 less than the account presented. The amount paid to unsuccessful contestants at the last Congress was $113,000. The resolution was adopted.

When it is recollected that John Cessna's trumped-up claim to a seat in Congress was so barefaced and indefensible that but *one* member of the *nine* gentlemen who compose the Committee on Elections voted in favor of it, it will be conceded that this shameless demagogue has been pretty liberally paid for his miserable failure. If this shall only prove to be Cessna's political *finale*, the people will not complain, even though the consideration paid for such a blessing has indeed been extravagant. The statement made by Mr. McCrary, who is chairman of the Committee on Elections, that the amount paid to unsuccessful contestants at the last Congress was $113,000, is well calculated to create astonishment. Under radical rule it has become so common for a defeated republican to contest the right of a democrat to his seat, although his majority might have ran up into thousands, that the *pursuit* of a seat in Congress under difficulties has been equally as remunerative as its actual possession. It had become a regular trade for the mere purpose of making money, which is the *alpha* and *omega* in the catechism of all radical politicians. It was the easiest thing in the world for a defeated candidate in a Southern State to get up a show of a contest on the ground, for instance, that the negroes were terrified from attending the polls by threats and violence, when it is a notorious fact that in States in which the election lasts two or three days they travel from one county into another, under the lead of carpet-baggers, for the express purpose of voting, and when he failed to make out his case, to call upon the Treasury, through an act of Congress, to pay him an extravagant compensation. A new rule, however, we believe has been adopted, not to appropriate anything to an unsuccessful contestant, but only to pay the expenses of his witnesses, etc. This has cut up the business of the carpet-baggers by the roots, so that the practice is now more honored in the breach than in the observance.

A Ruined State.

The following extracts from a letter of its authorized correspondent, published in the New York *Tribune*, will give our readers an adequate conception of the deplorable condition into which South Carolina has been plunged by the corruption and ignorance of the negroes and unprincipled white adventures who now rule the affairs of that State. It is a true but melancholy picture, and elegantly exposes the sins and infamies of radical reconstruction in a State in which a majority of the voters are ignorant and degraded negroes, who are made the instruments and tools of carpet-bag thieves and plunderers in carrying out their unholy purposes. Is it to be wondered at that ku-kluxism made its home in South Carolina? Such a state of affairs as this correspondent depicts would stir up a rebellion even in so radically-ridden a State as Vermont, or in a commonwealth so exclusively loyal as Massachusetts.

"Without going into details, it is enough to say that the men who lead and manage the legislature and the state government are thieves and miscreants. The great body of the legislature are the ignorant and corrupt instruments with which the leaders work, and though the individuals composing this mass are bought and sold like cattle in the market, their venality in some cases is relieved of much of its criminality by reason of the denseness of their ignorance. Numbers of the blacks who occupy seats in the legislature regard themselves only in the light of employes of the government. Their pay is $6 a day for the session and special pay for their separate votes on every measure in which there is money. These votes are bought and sold without even a pretense of hiding the flagitious transaction. The negro himself is hardly conscious of criminality, while he makes his bargain. He owns his mule. He sells it. He owns his chicken. He sells it. He considers his vote just as much a part of his personal property as his mule and his chicken. Why should he not sell it also? He does sell it, and he naively wonders that anybody should complain.

"Of course the scale of pay varies. It is just according to each man's intelligence and capacity. A few hundred dollars in special gratuities is enough to satisfy the demands of a plantation negro. Others get more, and more, and more. One of the smartest sort was accused the other day, on the floor of the house, by a colleague, with then having $12,000 of state bonds in his pocket, corruptly obtained. And the charge was not denied.

"The state is mired, and there seems to be no standing-ground for an effort at extrication. And yet it must be extricated or government is a failure. There are but 13 representatives out of 124 members of the legislature who are regarded as representatives of the tax payers of the state. Of these, eight come from two upper counties adjoining Georgia. These representatives are tired of a hopeless struggle against the thieves who have plunged the state in bankruptcy, and threaten general confiscation. These two counties have petitioned to be set off to Georgia. As their excision would just about extinguish the trifling minority of the legislature and leave it a unit in its corruptions, it is supposed the majority will grant the prayer. So that the last remnant of the holding ground of the tax-payers seems to be on the point of disappearing.

"It is thus that 300,000 white people, more or less, composing the intelligence and property-holders of the state, are put under the heel of 400,000 pauper blacks, fresh from a state of slavery and ignorance the most dense. Guided by unprincipled adventurers from other states, who make use of these freedmen as their agents for the most nefarious acts which were ever committed under the shelter of republican forms of government, this blind and unintelligent mass is precipitated upon the intelligence and wealth of the state till they are buried out of sight.

"It is sometimes asked why the white people of the state do no endeavor to influence the blacks by kind treatment and persuasion to their true interests. The answer is, that the jealousy of the blacks of his old master is profound, unyielding and universal. Where the kindest personal relations prevail, where the freedmen remain on the old plantations, and work the land on shares in contentment and harmony with the proprietors, the testimony is that, so far as voting is concerned, the old master is utterly without influence. He cannot obtain a vote or the promise of a vote. In this matter the black will listen only to the unprincipled adventurer who rides through the country claiming to be one of those who gave freedom to the slaves. Conscious of their present liberty, the freedman's dread of its possible loss makes him the most suspicious and apprehensive of mortals. In poverty and sickness, in trials and troubles, he resorts to his old master, and seeks his aid and counsel with a child-like confidence. But in voting he is steeled to his advice, and will die before he will take it.

"Thus overwhelmed and helpless, what is the average property holding citizen to do? He aims faithfully to get upon his legs and keep upon his legs, but the grinding taxation actually imposed, and still more that which is threatened, makes him despair of escaping virtual confiscation. He would get out of the state if he could, but there is nobody to buy his property. On a visit to South Carolina a few years ago, Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, attracted by the great natural advantages of a water power at the capital of the state, purchased it, and spent a considerable sum of money preparatory to starting manufactories there. The development, soon after, of the corruptions and measureless robberies of the state government, brought his operations to a dead stand, and now he only awaits the forlorn hope of an opportunity to extricate his venture from the clutches of the thieves and villains who have the state by the throat and are sucking its life's blood.

"One thing seems plain to the most ordinary apprehension. The condition of things now existing in South Carolina would not be borne a month in any northern state without a tax-payers' league being organized to resist the payment of all taxes imposed for fraudulent purposes and without the swift establishment of a court of lynch law. So much treason as that exists in the blood of every American citizen worthy of his birthright."

The Pacific Steamship Subsidy.

Hon. R. M. Speer, member from this district, made the following remarks in Congress during the recent consideration of the act providing for the bestowal of $1,000,000 upon the Pacific Steamship Company:

Mr. Chairman, the echoes of the lamentations of the distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts, [Mr. Dawes] the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, over the doleful condition of the finances of the country, have scarcely died away in this House, and they are still lingering in the land. Only last week he bewailed the extravagance of legislation, and predicted great national embarrassment unless a halt be speedily called. And yet to day we find him with his arm deep down into the national Treasury, endeavoring to take from it a subsidy of $1,000,000 for the benefit of a steamship company, thus aiding, with his recognized influence upon this floor, to produce the very result which he so strongly and piteously deplored. Sir, I admit his shrewdness, his fine way of putting things; but to my ear there is no harmony between his eloquence and his acts. He was styled here, a few days ago, "the artful dodger," and in view of his speech last week and his present course the country may not regard the designation as undeserved. His voice is always loud and clear and strong when theories are to be advanced, and when the note of warning is to be given to the country; but when a bold, naked measure comes here assaulting the Treasury in the interest of corporations and organized wealth, his vote, uninfluenced by his own eloquence, and regardless of his own appeals for economy, is given against the people and in favor of the most extravagant appropriations. Of course he is honest, and his support of this measure springs from his conviction that it is right; but it is the fortune or misfortune of some gentlemen to be so peculiarly constituted as to see one side of a question involving the interests of corporate power and organized wealth on the one hand and the interests of the people on the other. And in his course, so fine in theory and so extravagant in practice, the gentleman from Massachusetts finds an able coadjutor in the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Garfield] the distinguished Chairman of the Committee of Appropriations. They are both sentinels upon the watch-tower of the Treasury, and appeal loudly for economy when a pension bill granting a few dollars to a poor soldier or his widow is before the House; but when a proposition is made to grant a million of the people's money as a subsidy to a corporation which has already received $3,000,000 from the government, they rush to its defense under the pretense of aiding commerce and of unfurling our flag upon the sea.

Mr. Chairman, the eloquent gentleman from New York [Mr. Brooks,] in his advocacy of this measure, pronounced it a contest between the flag of the American nation and the Cross of St. George. Sir, I yield not to him in devotion to my country. I love its flag with its stars and stripes, and I would lift it high upon the land and up on the sea; but I would plant the staff of that flag deep in the affection and love of the people. I would strengthen it with equal and just and beneficent laws, and I would have it float forever as the proud emblem of a nation governed by an honest Congress and an honest administration of the Government.

Sir, the Cross of St. George represents the wealth of Britain's titled aristocracy, while the flag of the Union is the pride and the boast of America's untitled millions. The one is the hope of the few, the other of the many. Subsidies and land grants to corporations, which in plain language are robberies of the people, shed no luster upon our flag. The glory which beams from its stars was won from a far different field.

This reference to the flag by the gentleman from New York [Mr. Brooks] seems to me ill-timed. His love for our prosperity upon the sea grows weak when applied to the development of our industries at home. He would close the workshops and manufacturing establishments of our people for the purpose of opening a market for the products of foreign labor. He would keep buried in the earth our untold mineral wealth, and hush to silence the hoarse music of our furnaces and forges in the interest of British capital and for the elevation of the Cross of St. George; and then he would eulogize the American eagle, and vote away $1,000,000 of the people's money for the benefit of a steamship company!

Mr. Chairman, Congress has given in money and lands almost a hundred million dollars to the Pacific railroad companies; and now it is proposed to give a million more of the people's money to bring trade to these railways. If the government is to build these roads and then furnish them with business, had it not better own them and reap the profits of its own capital? If the Pacific steamship company is to have a subsidy of $1,000,000 on the pretense of securing to us the trade of China and Japan, why shall not the different lines of steamers running from our eastern cities to Europe also receive subsidies? And then, why shall not all the steamship companies on our lakes receive the same Government aid? And wherever a railroad company finds its business unprofitable, why shall it not come to Congress and get a subsidy on the ground of aiding commerce? The principle is wholly wrong. These corporations are private enterprises; their profits belong to their stockholders, and their losses, if any should be borne by them. These subsidies are taken out of the public Treasury, from the people's money, and paid to a few individuals who have voluntarily engaged in private speculations for their own profit. If the people are to furnish the capital to carry on these corporate enterprises, to bear the losses, why not, then, share the profits? It is the law of all general partnerships that the profits as well as the losses shall be divided.

HAVE you inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any part of the body? If so, use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. Our word for it, it is the best pain killer in this country.

MANY persons suffer with sick headache and nervous headache, usually induced by costiveness, indigestion, &c. Such persons will find relief, if not cure, by keeping the bowels open with small doses of *Parsons' Purgative Pills*.

—Gov. Geary has appointed Hon. J. P. Wickersham State Superintendent Common Schools for three years, and Rev. O. H. Miller, State Librarian.

News of the Week.

—Fourteen hair-pins were found in a Halifax cow's stomach.

—A street scavenger of Fort Wayne, Ind., is said to be worth $50,000.

—The citizens of Romney, W. Va., are paying 25 cents a gallon for water.

—A gentleman of Westfield, N. J., has a piano that formerly belonged to Aaron Burr.

—A plate nearly 400 years old, and a hat 110 years old, are the latest Chester county relics.

—The Stack-O'Hara case was fixed for argument in the Supreme Court, for Monday last, at Williamsport.

—Ben Butler, it is stated, was intended by his parents for a clergyman. What a narrow escape the church had.

—The Democrats of Rhode Island have nominated Abney Arnold for Governor.—The election occurs on the 3d of April.

—Young Harrisburg beats the world. Two boys in that city are in prison for burglary—one aged about eight and the other ten years.

—A young Williamsport boatman recently received notice that he had fallen heir to an inheritance in England amounting to $200,000.

—The Senate of Pennsylvania is composed of 22 lawyers, 1 tanner, 1 surveyor, 3 farmers, 1 physician, 2 gentlemen, 1 piano maker and 1 puddler.

—At a recent public sale in Lehigh county, two full bands were in attendance and discoursed elegant music at intervals during the day.

—Middlesex, Mercer county, elected M. A. Stewart, a colored barber, a member of the town council, by a vote of 212 to 182 for a white man.

—An explosion of sulphur occurred in the Foltz colliery, near Ashland, Pa., on Tuesday evening, by which ten men were burned—some of them, it is thought, fatally.

—Mr. Grant, a prosperous farmer of Binghamton, is unaccountably trying to starve himself, and refuses all presents of toothsome food, etc. No relative of the President.

—The Pennsylvania oil region contains 2,000 square miles. Of this space only ten square miles are actually worked. Last year's yield was about 5,800,000 barrels of 43 gallons each.

—The Rochester *Union* says that Grant has done about as much toward reducing the national debt as the brass nozzle on the cow catcher of an engine does toward drawing a train. That's so.

—Lynn, Conn., has an infant phenomenon in the shape of a little girl, who has inherited an uncontrollable desire for opium. Its vocal zations are excruciating if its regular supply of the narcotic is not forthcoming.

—Every railroad man, including the superintendent of the road, and who handled a shovel heroically, on the Bangor and Piscataquis train, delayed by snow one day last week, was bitten by the frost, some very badly.

—On the night of the 21st, the house of Saudy Clayton, in Lawrence, Kansas, was burned, and Clayton and his three sons, aged respectively fourteen, eight and four years, perished. Mrs. Clayton and her infant were seriously burned, and the mother will probably die.

—Wolf's brewery, saloon, and two dwelling-houses in Stillwater, Minn., were burned on Monday night last, and two men—the bookkeeper in the saloon, and a laborer in the brewery—perished in the flames. Their names are not given. Two other men barely escaped with their lives. The loss of property is about $10 000.

—A dispatch from Richmond, Va., reports that six members of the Virginia Legislature—three Senators and three Representatives—have been notified by the United States Attorney that he will prosecute them for violation of the Fifteenth Amendment by acting as members of the General Assembly while under political disability.

—It will be a comfort to the people to know that Grant's San Domingo job has thus far cost them only $490 620. What it would have been but for the sturdy opposition to it, no one can of course tell, but that it would have reached millions there can be no doubt. It is well that such men as Sumner have the manliness and moral courage to resist these innovations upon the public treasury.

—On Monday morning, a negro, named David Jones, robbed the house of a farmer, named Murray, near Nashville, Tenn., and when the latter offered resistance, the negro shot him dead. The murderer was arrested and lodged in jail, but at 9 o'clock Tuesday night an infuriated mob broke open the prison and took him out and shot and hung him, but the police rescued him. He is mortally wounded.

—The Princeton Republic states that an unknown peddler, while crossing Green Lake, near Dartford, Wis., was set on by dogs and killed. A man and three boys saw the dogs worrying him, but could not get to him in time to save his life. The most revolting part of the story is that the man and boys then, to save trouble, pushed the body of the peddler through the hole in the ice where they were fishing.

—An awful accident happened in the wire-mill at Trenton, N. J., on Monday last, to an employee named Bernard McLaughlin, who was doing duty round the vats, and, being lame in one foot, stumbled and fell into one of the vats of boiling copperas. The whole of the body was covered with the fuming poison. He was conveyed to his home and attended by a physician, who pronounced the case hopeless. The skin of the ill-starred man was totally peeled off, and he suffered excruciating tortures.

—Important and significant gains were made by the Democrats at the late local elections in Lancaster county. West Donegal township elected the entire Democratic ticket, by a handsome majority. Elizabethtown, where the Republicans had carried everything for a number of years, elected the entire Democratic ticket, excepting judge, assessor and auditor. Martic township went Democratic for the first time in many years, the Democrats electing all the officers excepting the judge of election and the constable.

—Michael Carroll, a laborer at the Dodge shaft, near Scranton, was killed by a fall of top coal on Tuesday last. He leaves a wife and five children. Patrick Finerty was killed, and Stephen Fiuerty, his brother, severely injured, by a premature explosion in Gipsy Grove colliery, on the same day. Mayhardt, aged 16, was instantly killed the same day at the Lowel Run works of the Idenwood Coal Company. He was sitting on a car driving it up a run, when, in leaning over he lost his balance and fell to the ground, breaking his neck. All this in Luzerne county.

—Here is what the New York *Tribune* has to say in regard to the defeat of the libel bill in the senate the other day:—"The legislature of Pennsylvania is in no mind to have an unrestrained press free to pry into its conduct, and exercise a whole some restraint on legislation. The bill recently brought into that enlightened body, by the editorial association of the state, for the protection of the press, was incontinently killed, and the present uncivilized and imperfect provisions remain in force, almost silencing the state press in its efforts to reform abuse or denounce dishonesty."

Not Consumption.

We have on our Books of Record the name, age, residence, date, disease and prescription of every case treated by us during the last twenty years. In these books are contained the names of over 100,000 persons, and more than *two hundred thousand* prescriptions. In this vast number of cases, every *kind* and *variety* of diseases have fallen under our observation, and every form of treatment has been fully tested.

In CONSUMPTION and "Lung diseases," we have had ample opportunity to test not only every kind of treatment, but every kind of medicine.

We know that there are many cases of disease that so nearly resemble consumption, but which is not, that without a very careful diagnosis, serious mistakes might be made, which would lead to very prejudicial results in the treatment. It is the duty of every physician to ascertain as nearly as possible the precise nature of every malady before prescribing. "No more certain sign is offered in disease than is found in the urinary secretion," says Simon. And in this disease, we are especially favored with indications of the *urine* which enables us to determine not only the facts relative to the true nature thereof, but to measure tolerable correctly the extent of the same.

We have thus detected and determined the *extent* of hundreds of cases of *Consumption*, many of which being incipient only, have been *cured* by us in a very short time. And whilst we would not hold out inducements or promise a cure, in the "last stage" of this dreadful malady, we would just say, that we have cured many cases that so nearly resembled Consumption, that is was impossible to determine the fact by any other means than by examination of the urinary secretion.

Among these we might mention, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, &c., &c.

These disease often times much resemble Consumption in many particulars. They may come on with cough and expectoration of blood and mucous, pain in the breast and side, heats and chills, followed by weakness, night sweats, &c. These symptoms are taken for Consumption, and the patient is informed that the case is a "hopeless one," when perhaps it was yet as curable as nine tenths of our most common diseases, and when some prompt and efficacious remedy, administered for the *real* disease, would dispel it in a very short time.

We have cured many cases of this kind, even after they had been abandoned as hopelessly consumpted, by their relatives as well as the physician. Whilst there is life there is hope in such cases. By sending a vial of *urine* for examination, the necessary medicines can be sent by express.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
T. L. OLDSHUE, M. D.
J. W. OLDSHUE, M. D.

Address DRS. OLDSHUE,
No. 123 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SURRENDERED TO JUSTICE.—*Remarkable Criminal Case—Moral Heroism of a Woman.*—The Louisville *Ledger* says: Three years ago W. F. Hewett was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Tennessee Penitentiary for robbing W. J. Weakley's store in Edgefield of a large amount of goods. His health was bad and he was put at light work in the shoe shop of the prison. After serving two years and four months he and another convict named Smith succeeded in scaling the walls at night and making their escape. They both came to Louisville, where Smith was recaptured. Hewett subsequently committed a theft in this city, and was sent to the Kentucky Penitentiary. He was discharged a short time ago. Helpless from a complication of diseases, without friends or money, and convinced that he would be hunted and taken back to Tennessee to serve out his time there, he chose the desperate alternative of surrendering himself. His mother, who resides in Edgefield, was startled last Monday night by his entering the house and announcing that he was ready to go back to prison if the authorities so decided. He presented a most distressing spectacle, and his mother determined upon an effort to secure his pardon. She sent a friend to Governor Brown on Tuesday, with an earnest appeal in behalf of her son, but the case was one into which considerations of executive clemency could not possibly extend. As Hewett was an escaped convict, pardon was of course out of the question, and so Governor Brown intimated, kindly, but firmly. The mother had a high sense of her duty in the matter, and requested that no officer of the law be sent after her son, pledging that the State should be put to no expense on his account, and that he should be delivered at the prison Wednesday. She had kept her word. Wednesday morning she called at the Capitol in a carriage, the son sitting by her side. After a last appeal to the Governor—which could be answered only as before—she drove, broken-hearted, to the Nashville Penitentiary and delivered the prisoner to Warden Chumbley.

The episode is one of the most singular in our criminal annals. Never before, we believe, did a mother make such a sacrifice, or make it more nobly. But who, in this uncharitable world, will give her credit for the grand, moral heroism that moved her thus to deliver her son to the tender mercies of a penitentiary, in order that he might expiate a crime he had committed against his country?

THE EDITORS TO BE IN ERIE.—We are happy to be able to announce that at the session of the Democratic State Convention in Harrisburg, last week, an arrangement was effected by which that body and the State Editorial Association, (composed of members of both parties), will hold their annual gathering in Erie on the same day. The business meeting of the Democratic Association will be held on Tuesday evening, the 11th of June; that of the State Association, on the following morning, the 12th. The programme includes a joint excursion upon the lake on Wednesday afternoon, and a supper in the evening, to be followed by a trip to Niagara or the Oil Region, on Thursday. The Presidents of the two Associations have appointed the following local committee of of arrangements: J. R. Willard, B. F. McCarty, E. E. Strueneckle, Paul Unschider, Sam Woods, I. B. Gara and Benj. Whitman. We are authorized to extend a cordial invitation to all the editors in the West, few of whom are members of either Association, to attend and give their co-operation in the proceedings. The indications favor a larger gathering than has ever taken place before upon any occasion of the kind in the State. We hope our citizens are fully awake to the importance of giving these influential associations such a welcome as will cause the members to return with the best impressions of our city and section.—*Erie Observer.*

—Rev. Mother Mary Rose Ganthreaux, Superior Vicar of the Western Province, Order of the Sacred Heart, died at her residence in the convent, Chicago, Tuesday morning, aged forty-seven years, having been thirty-two years a *religieus* and six years a superior. She is well known throughout the country by her association with the society, and was widely esteemed for her executive talent and gentleness of character.

A Fatal Enemy to Life.

To live in good health and enjoyment is one of the greatest boons allotted to humanity, and to a limited extent it is placed within the reach and government of all.

It will not do to say that we have no control over our physical condition. We have, if we choose, and it depends a great deal on the attention which we pay to the first indications of ill-health. The Lungs have an important part to perform in the well-being of the body that any disarrangement of them should enlist our earliest care and attention. It is well to know sometimes how far they are diseased. DR. KEYSER will tell you this with almost the accuracy of mathematics. By a strictly scientific investigation the Doctor has enabled himself to sound the Lungs with his LUNG SOUND, so as to tell exactly how far they are diseased or impaired in their functions, and with that more than wonderful remedy, DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE, will restore the system to its wonted health and perfect working. Let the incredulous only try but one bottle, and his incredulity will give way to a belief in the curative virtues of DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE. It goes to work by a gradual restorative system, and builds up the system little by little until the whole form is restored. The cost is a trifle, $1 50 per bottle, or four bottles for $5, taken at one time. Send for Dr. Keyser's Pamphlet of 32 pages, by mail, if you want it.

A REMARKABLE MAN.—There is now living in Preston, Lancashire, England, and working hard every day, a man whose like is not often to be met with, and whose name is Frank Bradley. He was born at Dromberg, Ireland, in 1776, and is consequently ninety-six years old. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Bradley still works hard, and thinks nothing of mounting a long ladder and going three or four stories high with a hodful of bricks on his shoulder. He was twenty two years old when the Irish rebellion of last century took place. For some years he was a farm laborer in Ireland. He was afterward for eight years a soldier in the Second Royal regim nt of foot, and for fifty-four years he has earned his livelihood as a bricklayer's laborer. He has been married twice, and has been the father of fifteen sons and five daughters—nine sons and two daughters during the first marriage, and six sons and three daughters in the second. Most of his sons have served in the British army. His second wife, still alive, is a little younger than his eldest son, who is sixty-four years of age. The old man is hale and hearty, has nearly all his teeth, has lost none of the hair of his head and looks likely to live for years.

A BILL has been considered in the Massachusetts Legislature which was designed to compel Judges of the Courts to receive the testimony of Roman Catholics when sworn in the customary manner, but it failed to pass by ten votes. This question has frequently attracted attention in that State. Many years ago, during the trial of the convent burners, Bishop Fenwick testified that the Catholic conscience was satisfied with any mural form of oath, the Church having no dogma on the subject; but Judge Shaw refused to accept the Bishop as authority on this point, and required him to swear according to his own view of the matter, and the Bishop yielded. Since then the custom in the courts has not been uniform. Several Judges, among them Judge Rockwell of the Superior, and Judge Gray of the Supreme Court, administer the same oath to Catholics that they do to other Christians. Other Judges insist on a special oath for members of that Church. A Judge named Lord recently sent a witness to jail for refusing to take such an oath as he prescribed, although willing to be sworn in the customary manner; and the defeated bill was intended to put an end to such abuses of judicial authority.

A. W. Erwin & Co.,

172 and 174 Federal St.

ALLEGHENY, PA.

Respectfully announce to their numerous customers, and buyers of Dry Goods generally, that they are now receiving, and are daily opening, their usual large and elegant assortment of Spring Goods; and that their capacious salesrooms are now filled with all the choicest novelties of the season, embracing many new styles and fabrics never before offered in this market. Special attention is requested to the stock of Black Alpacas, Silks, medium and low priced Dress Goods, Housekeeping Goods, and Shawls.

Having the handsomest and best lighted Store Room in the two cities, and keeping nothing but the best makes of goods, and guaranteeing our prices to be as low as the lowest, we are satisfied that we can make it to the interest of purchasers to look through our stock before making their spring purchases. To close buyers at wholesale, we can offer some special inducements; we carry one of the largest stocks of goods in this market, comprising many things in Shawls and medium priced Dress Goods, not kept in regular wholesale houses. We guarantee our prices as low as any New York or Philadelphia quotations, and only ask an examination to convince buyers that we can do them good.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.

172 & 174 Federal St., Allegheny City.

SHERIFF'S SALE!—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the house of John Schroth, in Wilmore borough, on **Tuesday**, the **9th** day of **April** next, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described Real Estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Jason Crum, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Shartz, Albert Wilson, and others, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story house and a stable—now in the occupancy of Albert Wilson. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John W. Mulhollen, for use of Joseph Miller.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, March 18, 1872.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate, in the case of John J. White, Trustee, vs. Peter McGough, No. 89, December Term, 1871, Ex. Doc., *Venditioni Exponas*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday the 12th day of April next*, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where they must present their claims or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, March 23, 1872.-3t.

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : MARCH 30, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Haps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—Mud a foot deep on the streets.

—The bluebird and robin are with us.

—"Pick eggs?" is the query among the juveniles just now.

—To morrow will be Easter Sunday. How do your eggs color?

—Yesterday (Good Friday) was a legal holiday. Did you observe it?

—Coal furnished on short notice at lowest rates by Messrs A. A Barker & Son.

—The Echo says: Next Monday—"All Fools' Day."....District Court convenes on Monday.

—Spring like and bland is the weather at hand, and the same pleaseth a vast multitude of people, we understand.

—E. J. Mills is about adding a full line of choice groceries to his present assortment of goods. Sugar-cured hams will be one of his specialties.

—Mr Thomas McKernan, of Cambria city, offers himself as a candidate before the Democratic county convention for Register and Recorder. Good man.

—The latest move on the apportionment checker board makes a Congressional district out of Blair, Cambria and Westmoreland counties. Don't move any more.

—Mr. Frank D Storm of this place, has made a survey o the scene of the Mineral Point tragedy for the use of the commonwealth's counsel in the prosecution o Moore

—If you need coal now, you won't need to need it very long, for if you leave your order at A A Barker & Son's store they will have coal delivered at your residence in short metre.

—A wrestling match on Thursday resulted in one of the participants falling with his head against the spigot of a beer keg, which cut a very ugly gash above one of his eyes.

—An alarm of fire last Saturday night was raised by the burning out of a chimney at the residence of John O'Connell, in the west ward. The "Dauntless" was on hand, but its services were happily not required.

—If you are told next Monday that the trout are biting nicely, why, let 'em bite, for next Monday will be "All Fools' Day." By following this advice neither you nor the trout will be taken in on the biting business.

—On next Wednesday Mr. Patrick Storm, of Munster township, will offer at public sale, live stock, farm produce, farming implements, household goods, etc. Also, his farm of 93 acres with improvements. Go and buy.

—Bread made of Oatman's celebrated Eastern Star flour and coated with good butter and a small decoction of that delicious syrup he has just received, is about as nice a thing as ever was dreamed of in the philosophy of good grub.

—A juvenile troupe, composed of young lads of our town, gave an exhibition, consisting of dramatic and burlesque performances, singing, etc., at the Academy building on Saturday evening last, and did exceedingly well, considering all things. Do it to us again, boys.

—A denizen of Cherryhill township, Indiana county, named Henry Doersh, attempted, by the aid of a six shooter, to persuade the sheriff of that county not to sell his personal property. His next effort will probably be to persuade the sheriff that he ought to let him out of jail.

—Frank Shank, of Carroll township, a very unruly customer, attempted to reconstruct his mother in law by striking her over the head with a billet of wood, and also kicked and cuffed his wife and child outrageously—for all which the law proposes to reconstruct him.

—One of Johnstown's fast youths was taken to Pittsburgh a few days ago with a nice pair of iron bracelets on his wrists. A maiden fair, of whom he failed to beware, was anxious to see him there about a little thing in which she was willing to swear he had a very excessive and exclusive share.

—Hughes' Hall, Wilmore, was enlivened by a traveling "show" last Saturday night—Some say it was a humbug, while others contend that it was a painting of the scenes connected with the late Mineral Point tragedy. The proprietor of the "show" is thought to be laboring under the latter delusion

—Friday last a man named Timmons, of New York, was struck by the Pacific Express train west, near Derry Station, and thrown up in the air about thirty feet. It appears that he was in the act of crossing the main track, and did not observe the train coming, when the locomotive struck him. He died almost instantly.

—And now the "loyal" of Indiana county discover that they have been robbed of an unknown amount of "Court House Bonds." A committee consisting of the board of Auditors assisted by Esquires Wilson and McCloskey, have been empowered by the Legislature to investigate the matter. Rich developments are expected.

—Samuel H Snyder and James Bergunder, who were arrested last fall for burning the barn of Jacob Snyder, in Bell township, Clearfield county, were placed upon trial at last term. The grand jury ignored the bill as to Bergunder, but found a true bill against Snyder, who was placed on trial and found guilty. Sentence postponed.

—The charges of murder against the Moore family are numerous. Joe Moore was tried and convicted of the murder of Jordan Marlbourg. Mike Moore is in jail here for the alleged murder of his wife, and now comes the story that Jack Moore, of the Altoona SUN, stands charged with cruelly murdering the King's English.

—Capt. Wm. Linton and lady, with their household goods, etc., removed hence to Summit this week, where they take possession of the "Summit House," at that place, as landlord and landlady and proprietors. The House has always enjoyed an enviable reputation, and under the new management, will lose none of its ancient renown.

—Two men named Evans and Lauth, and one other man, a German, alighted from a sleeping car for breakfast at Altoona last Monday morning. The first found that he had been robbed of a revolver, $80 and a set of diamond studs worth $900; the second of a watch worth $375 and $70 in cash, and the third of $50 in cash. No clue to the thief.

—Thursday evening last, a man named Brown met with a fatal accident at Larimer's Station, Westmoreland county, on the Pennsylvania railroad. While in the act of passing from one car to the other on the Accomodation train east, he fell between them to the track, and was crushed and badly cut by the balance of the train passing over him. Death ensued.

—To get on the right track for a barrel or a sack of the very best flour that ever was made, all you need do is take dollars a few and on E. J. Mills make a raid; for upon your word, yes indeed, the best flour and feed, and 'somedings' else you may need, can be had for the cash very cheap; so make no delay, for you'll find it will pay to buy of Mills all things he doth keep.

—Plowing and sowing, reaping and mowing, will keep all farmers going for the next six months or more; so now while wild winds are blowing, and we hope it's done snowing, is the time to be going to Huntley's mammoth cheap store; where, if tools you are needing, for plowing or seeding, or groceries for your family's feeding, you will find all you want and much more.

—By the breaking of a rail, the three rear cars of the Southern Express west were thrown from the track at Conemaugh Furnace, a small station eight miles west of Johnstown on Friday last. They went over an embankment twenty feet deep, and were completely wrecked. Two passengers, a Miss Hartman, of Chicago, and Isaac Josephs, of Baltimore, were killed outright and about fourteen others were more or less injured.

—And now it seems that Barnum's unparalleled show is not to visit Ebensburg after all. The renowned Phineas will be forced to transport his immense establishment by rail, requiring sixty freight and five passenger cars, and as his daily expenses will exceed $4,000, large towns only will be visited. He has Altoona and Johnstown down on his list for May 27th and 28th—morning, afternoon and evening exhibitions at each place. He ought to stop at Cresson anyhow.

LETTER FROM JOHNSTOWN.

JOHNSTOWN, March 29, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—There was a meeting at Mr. Elder's office on Monday at 2 o'clock P. M. to appoint engineers for the survey of the Johnstown and Somerset railroad. I do not know the result of the deliberations.

There are now six railroads projected to connect the Connelsville railroad with the Penna. R. R. The first connects Brinton's station with Port Perry, about nine miles this side of Pittsburgh. The second commences at Greensburg and runs southward, crossing the Connelsville R. R. and terminating at Charleston, West Virginia. The third commences at Latrobe, runs to Ligonier, Jones' Mills Springfield, and down Indian creek to the Connelsville road. The fourth commences at Johnstown and runs through Davidsville, Stoystown and Somerset. This is the best route of the six. The fifth route commences at Hollidaysburg and passes through Martinsburg, Woodbury, Pattonsville and Hopewell, joining the Huntingdon and Bedford road. The sixth is the Broad Top R R running from Huntingdon to Bloody Run, Bedford and Bridgeport. Thus will be opened up all the coal and iron and timber interests of the entire country in Western Pennsylvania.

James J. Murphy has just returned from the east with a splendid assortment of new made-up clothing for spring wear, including hats, caps and gent's furnishing goods. Boxes crowd the highway opposite 109 Clinton street.

We called in Adams' Express office the other day, but vamoosed suddenly upon reading the following "notis," printed upon the inside of a paper box lid: "Took Notis.—Mebbe you don't better leaf around 'ere when you don't got bisiness. Hain't it?"

Mr. Riffle still keeps carriages and horses for hire, notwithstanding Mr. Bishop has left—Call on Mr. Riffle when you want to take a ride.

Mr. Akers will soon have any amount of fine flowers and trees for sale at the butcher shop of Akers & Baumer. The best and freshest flowers and trees of the season can be had there, one door from the post office.

The steel mill is to be enlarged. We do not think, however, that this has anything to do with Guy Geary's or President Grant's STEAL mill, because our steel mill people are all honest and make their living by the sweat of their brows.

Our District Court will convene next Monday, and will probably last all week, as there is considerable business before it.

The accidental spilling of a little cold water on some heated tallow caused an explosion on a small scale at the steel works, on Thursday last, and the hot grease flying into the face and over the hands of a young man named Davis, burned him very severely—so bad indeed that it is feared he will lose the sight of both eyes.

Two young men claiming to be residents of Altoona walked into an eating saloon on Washington street, on Friday last, and finding no one present they helped themselves to the contents of the money drawer, some four or five dollars, and then made their exit. The theft was soon discovered, however, and making close pursuit of the captain ere long overtook and captured one of the thieves, whom he committed to the lock up; but on Saturday morning the young man "dug out" of that institution and thus far has managed to make himself scarce.

Excavating for the foundation of the new market house and jail will be commenced next week. All the s one is on the ground and the contractor, Mr. Wm Callan, will no doubt push the work right along with his usual energy and well known ability.

A broken rail was the cause of throwing three palace cars over an embankment, twenty feet downwards, on last Friday forenoon, nine miles west of Johnstown, killing a woman, from Chicago, and a man from Baltimore, besides injuring more or less some fifteen others.

C. T. Frazer, druggist, has prepared for this wonderfully changeable season by laying in all kinds of patent medicines drugs and other medical preparations, so that no one can say that he has no remedy in reach for his cough or cold, his headache or rheumatism. The way to do the thing up right is to go to Frazer and get the medicines; then take it and get cured. ROB ROY.

LESS THAN SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

DEAR FREEMAN—Two weeks ago we told your readers something about "seventy years ago," and spoke of fox-hunts, kicking frolics, etc. We will now describe the fox hunt: A number of men would get up a meeting in the fall or early spring, appoint a marshal and deputies, and instruct them to define boundaries for a fox hunt. These officers would first select a point at which all the parties in the hunt would meet, say some tavern, or still house, or other public place. They would then reckon ten miles in every direction from that centre, making a diameter of twenty miles, and a circle of more than sixty miles. The marshal and his aids would then ride round that circuit and tie wisps of straw to trees, fences and other places, thus indicating the starting point for all the neighbors. Closing lines were also indicated by straw bandages on fences, trees, etc. A day was appointed, and at 10 o'clock on said day the neighborhood would all repair to the outer line with tin horns, drums and everything else that would make a noise. At a signal given by the marshal, at some point a horn was blown, which was immediately sounded round the entire circuit in a few minutes, when all rushed for the center, blowing and making the most hideous noises imaginable. No respect was paid for fences or grain fields, but every one pushed forward for the centre, up hill, down hill, through fields and through streams, till all, some thousands in number, would reach the inner line. At a signal the dogs would be let loose on the foxes, which at some hunts would number from six to twenty. After despatching the game, resort was had to whiskey, then to fighting, wrestling, jumping, etc., till the close of day, and often till late in the night. Sometimes deer were captured within the enclosures intended only for foxes, but this did not often occur. The reign of fox hunts in Westmoreland county was from 1820 to 1840

Another occasion for the assembling of the people in large crowds was review day, under the old militia system. In my locality at that time review day was about the second or third Monday in May each year. The people from quite a number of townships would assemble at one place to be reviewed, inspected and enrolled. Sutler wagons, with whisky, cordial, beer, cider, ginger bread, etc., could be found in every public corner, and the number of fights would be very great. All disputes were settled, at the fox hunt, or the review, as law suits are settled at court. There was no appeal from the result of a fight

I promised to tell you something of a "kicking frolic." Well, imagine a crowd of stout young boys and girls gathered at a neighbor's house. The girls would heat water, clear the floor and put down thirty or forty yards of woolen blankets or flannel in a heap. This would be well saturated with soap suds made quite hot. Chairs were placed round and tied together by ropes, so that they could not move. A number of young boys would then strip their feet bare, and get on the chairs, all around the flannel, and kick just as hard and as long as their muscles could stand it. The suds would fly all around, and often some poor, discomfitted wight would be seen sprawling on the floor or on top of the cloth that the rest were kicking. I have seen some girls join in the amusement, though the boys generally did the kicking. Such were some of the pastimes of less than seventy years ago. ROB ROY.

—It is said that time and tide wait on no man, and we don't pretend to deny the truth of the axiom. Not so, however, with timepieces, for we know to a certainty that there are lots of them of the most desirable makes and qualities, and of all grades, at C. T. Roberts' elegant clock, watch, jewelry, fancy goods, cigar, tobacco, stationery and general variety store, waiting for all persons so inclined to come right along and buy them at lowest cash rates. Go and see if this ain't true to the letter.

—On Saturday night, one of the car inspectors at Derry had his arm broken and was otherwise injured by some means while in the performance of his duty.

COMMUNICATION.

JOHNSTOWN, March 21, 1872.

Editor Freeman—In my last I briefly alluded to the ruinous, crippling influence of the Pass-Book System. I will now endeavor to show the glaring wrong perpetrated on this community by its continuance. The Cambria Iron Co. run the rolling mill, the steel works, the blast furnaces, the ore and coal mines, the woolen factories, etc. The wages paid in these several departments are fully 20 per cent. less than those paid in Pittsburgh and at other points. The moment a man goes to work for this Company he is expected to call for his pass-book and take it home to his family. For two months he must labor hard before he can hope or expect to receive one cent of his earnings. At the end of the second month his account is footed up and one month's wages, less the amount charged during the two months on his darling pass-book, is then paid to him. By this method of doing business Wood, Morrell & Co. are constantly in possession of at least two hundred thousand dollars, not one cent of which justly or honestly belongs to them. If they must retain such a large sum of money not their own, why not allow every man from whom they withhold any portion of it a fair per centage for the use of his money? This of course would be too honest and honorable, and would redound too much to the advantage of the laboring man.—Pr. Instead of allowing a per centage, why does not the Company sell the store goods which they buy with the poor men's money just as cheap to those who are forced to use pass-books as other stores in town do for the cash? This they do not do, for it is well known that twenty dollars cash will buy as much at the best store as twenty-five dollars charged on a pass-book will buy at the Company's store. This of course is not cheating. (?) Then again, a woman often buys an article in the Company's store which she could and would do without if she had to pay ready cash for it. This proves the pass-book system to be a temptation. If she wishes to go to the Union Hall (not the Opera House) to see some swindling play-actor, she can get an admission ticket and fifty cents *cash* is fentered in her pass-book. Then comes a fancy comb or tooth brush, powder, paint and hair oil, and because she can get them charged in the pass-book she thinks they are cheap and that she cannot really do without them. Or if she has a hankering after an oyster stew while her husband is on the "night gang," or at any other time, she can gratify her appetite by simply taking with her the all-getting pass-book. She can likewise get her meat, sausage, cabbage, etc., from Wood, Morrell & Co., and have it all charged on the inevitable pass-book. It is even rumored that they are going to start a milk wagon and hawk the lacteal fluid all over town. They may as well do it, for they have everything else from a needle to an anchor or a pig's ring to a live bullock. Now if the Pa. R. R. Co. should establish a mammoth store in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona and Pittsburgh, or at any of those places, on the same sweeping scale, what a howl of indignation would be raised against Thomson, Scott & Co. for monopolizing a legitimate traffic which of right belongs to others. And yet this is exactly what the Cambria Iron Company are doing and have been doing for many years past.

Persons outside of this locality may be led astray by supposing that the Hon. D. J. Morrell is the prime mover in this monstrous monopoly. The contrary is the fact. We are in possession of good authority that Mr. Morrell and one or two other leading men in the Company are opposed to the system. But against these honorable gentlemen are arrayed a dozen life-sucking leeches who would crush out all fair and legitimate competition in every direction in order to enrich themselves. We look, then, to Mr. Morrell to remedy this crying evil, now that the almost united voice of our people has been raised against it, for we are satisfied that he at least would be willing to afford the poor laborer of any part of his wages or make bankrupts of our merchants. One need only look about him to see dullness in our stores and despondency marked on the faces of our business men. And why is this? It is because the money, namely, the Company's mammoth store, like a mighty magistroun, is attracting towards it the hundreds of working men and gobbling up their hard earnings by means of the pass-book system. More anon. ANTI-MONOPOLIST.

LIST OF JURORS.—The following named gentlemen have been drawn to serve as Grand and Traverse Jurors at the coming June Term of our County Court:

Grand Jurors.

Fiske A. H., Foreman, merchant, White twp.
Brown John, merchant, Johnstown township.
Byers Wm., farmer, Jackson township.
Cobick L. B., coal merchant, Conemaugh bor.
Davis A. B., constable, Johnstown borough.
Donahoe Patk, jr., carpenter, Clearfield twp.
Doyle Michael, carpenter, Gallitzin twp.
Durbin Wm., farmer, Somerset township.
Fry Sebastian, cabinet maker, Loretto bor.
Good Isaac, superintendent, Gallitzin twp.
Gutwait George, drayman, Gallitzin twp.
Giffin Wm., farmer, Jackson township.
Gregory Stephen, carpenter, Millville bor.
James Joseph, farmer, Cambria township.
Jones Thomas, minister, Ebensburg borough.
Johnston James, laborer, Summitville bor.
McBreen Thomas, painter, Ebensburg bor.
McGraw Peter, agent, Washington twp.
Schlarett Lewrence, Beigan, Georgetown.
Supp Wm., merchant, Chest Springs bor.
Thompson Asberry, clerk, Washington twp.
Varner George, jr., farmer, Jackson twp.
White Alex. C., roller, Johnstown borough.
Young Sam'l E., clerk, Johnstown borough.

Traverse Jurors—First Week.

Allegheny Twp.—Benjamin Anderson, Henry Little, Michael McGuire, Charles A. McMullen, Jacob Nagle.
Blacklick Twp.—Oliver Reed.
Croyle Twp.—Silas Burk, Casper Dimond.
Carrolltown Bor.—Francis Bearer, Jos. Behe, Henry Blum.
Carroll Twp.—Francis Stritmatter, Jas. Weakland, Augustine Yost.
Chest Twp.—Richard Elder, Charles Gill, Ambrose Hufnert, John Schell.
Conemaugh Borough—And'w Garber, David Kopelin.
Cambria Twp.—Henry Rorabaugh.
East Conemaugh Bor.—Lawrence Furlong.
Ebensburg Bor.—Rowland R. Davis, John Lloyd, Thomas W. Williams.
Johnstown Bor.—Jacob M. Campbell, Thos. S. Davis, C. B. Ellis, John Eldridge, Geo. Saylor, Louis Wehn.
Millville Bor.—Robert Boyle, John Hogan, Wm. Jones.
Munster Twp.—George M'Cullough.
Richland Twp.—John P. W. Gearhart.
Summerhill Twp.—Thos. Doran, Jos. Emigh, Edward Lynch.
Summitville Bor.—John E. Storm.
Taylor Twp.—Jacob Hildebrand.
Washington Twp.—F. M. George, James Hudson, John Kelly, John Porter, W. Woodward.
Woodvale Bor.—Charles Taylor.
Wilmore Bor.—Joseph Miller.

Traverse Jurors—Second Week.

Allegheny Twp.—Edward Farabaugh, Peter Sherry.
Adams Twp.—Israel Goughnour.
Blacklick Twp.—Henry Campbell.
Clearfield Twp.—Edward Burke, Chas. Dillon.
Conemaugh Bor.—Ahlum Cope, Charles Kinney.
Conemaugh Twp.—Samuel Varner.
Cambria Bor.—Patrick Daley, James Maloy, Thomas Sweeny.
Cambria Twp.—Robert D. Davis.
Carrolltown Bor.—Francis Flick.
Carroll Twp.—Richard Hughes, Francis Kirkpatrick, Casper Leib, Nicholas Lambour, Wm. Young.
Chest Springs Bor.—James A. Littlefield, J. W. Walk.
Ebensburg Bor.—Edward Dougherty, Isaac Evans, Frederick Kittell, Robert Slingner.
Gallitzin Twp.—Mathew Dignan, Thos. Maher.
David Stephens, Patrick Smith, John Troxell.
Jackson Tp.—Henry Anstadt, Jos. Colnaugh.
Johnstown Bor.—John Brady, Jacob Feud, John Fleegarth, George P. Randolph.
Loretto Bor—James O'Donnell.
Munster Twp.—Francis Eberly.
Millville Bor.—Patrick Sheehan.
Richland Twp.—John B. Myers.
Summerhill Twp.—Michael Doran, Christian Shaffer.
Washington Twp.—John Irel, John C. Noel.
Wilmore Bor.—Samuel Kephart.
White Twp.—Samuel Kuhn, George Walters.
Yoder Twp.—Jacob P. Strayer.

STEAM SAW MILL EXPLOSION.—*Two Young Men Killed.*—About one o'clock on Saturday afternoon last the boiler of a portable steam saw mill, the property of Mr. Joseph Behe, situated in the borough of Carrolltown, ten miles north of this place, exploded with a terrific crash. The result was indeed terrible. Two young men, one a son of the proprietor of the mill and another, named Zoliner, were killed outright, one of them being blown almost to atoms. In addition to this, another young Behe was so badly injured that his life is despaired of, and several other employes at the mill were more or less injured. The force of the steam not only rent asunder the boiler, reducing it to countless fragments, but also razed to the ground, almost in the twinkling of an eye, the entire structure which covered it. It is a miracle indeed that any one of the nine or ten persons who were in the mill at the time escaped sudden and fearful death. The loss of property is estimated at about $2,500.

The theory of the explosion is that the boiler had rendered outworn its usefulness, and in order the more rapidly to generate steam, the engineer, Mr. Behe's son, had *tied down* the escape valve! In that condition he left it and turned away and engaged in conversation with one of his associates. Probably forgetting the condition of things, he allowed the mammoth steam to generate, and the terrible result is known to the reader. We have said that this is the theory, and yet it is fair to presume that a boiler which could cause such fearful havoc in exploding must have been far from rotten. Correct or not, beyond this presumption nothing will ever be known, for the boiler, as we have said, was reduced to fragments so infinitesimal that investigation will be simply impossible.

The remains of the victims were inferred in the Catholic cemetery at Carrolltown on Monday.

PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING.—Persons who would avail themselves of the advantages of a thorough systematic course in either or both of these important branches, will find it to their interest to meet in Union School building on Monday evening next. Prof. Marsden will take charge of the school.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

Good jailor, pray open the door of my cell,
For a friend that I love is near;
I knew the dear sound of his hurrying step
Whenever it struck my ear.
O, friend of my youth, I am doom'd to die,
And I have a fair young bride,
And I leave to you dying the prayer of my heart—
That she never know how I died.

You may tell her I fell in a foreign land
For a cause that was just and high,
But let her not dream that her lov'd one died
As the traitors in our land die.
An innocent life I have saved this day,
But a tyrant lord I've slain:
And a few short days in this dreary cell
Alone of my life remain.

No voice but of charity spoke in my heart,
And the hand that obeyed is clear;
And he that can look to the Heavens with hope
Can ever be happy here.
But never a word of the prison dark,
Of the shunn'd and nameless grave
That I met in exchange for the fame I sought,
Shall the wind take over the wave.

The hand that *she* gave me to keep thro' life
Shall never be held in scorn,
And the name that I gave her, my honor'd wife,
Shall never in shame be worn.
If only in sorrow her head be bowed,
It will rise as the years go by,
But meeting in sorrow the world's disdain,
She is fragile enough to die.

This hope is laid up in my bosom—but this—
That I my God shall see;
The things of this world are vanishing fast,
And its fame is naught to me;
Yet here in my soul in the trembling words
That I leave for my fair off bride,
I give to you dying the prayer of my heart—
That she never know how I died!

LINNET.

AN OLD EXCITEMENT REVIVED.—About thirty-five years ago a great excitement prevailed in the upper end of Buffalo Valley and the lower end of Penn's Valley, caused by the finding of a dead horse in the Narrows between Motz's hotel and Kough's hotel, near the saw mill pond. Many of our readers no doubt recollect the repeated searches made to find as they supposed a murdered man, and when the water was let out of the mill pond tracks were discovered in the mud, but no body was found. The excitement throughout Centre and Union counties at the time was very great.

It is now reported that a man died in Illinois lately who confessed to the murder, and implicated four other parties. He states that the man they killed was a drover from Berks county, Pa., who had a large sum of money. They killed him and his horse and dragged the man under the horse, but when the excitement broke out they became alarmed and dug it up and put it in the mill pond. During one of the searches it was agreed in the evening to draw the water out of the pond the next morning. That night the murderers let off the water, and took the dead body away up on the side of the Sugar Valley mountain and buried it, and the next morning were among the first on the ground to draw off the water and assist again in the search.

Although but a small boy at the time we recollect the facts of the excitement and searches very distinctly, and when our parents removed from Lycoming to this county, soon after, while passing through the Narrows, we looked before and behind at every curve in the road to see a murderer or a dead horse. And so great was the excitement at Motz's hotel, where we remained over night, that no one seemed to talk about anything else but the murder.

We will be able in a short time to give our readers something more definite about the matter. Because, if a man has, on his death bed in the west, related these facts, the names of the parties will not be concealed much longer. As it is, there are parties engaged in the murder it will open a wide field for conjecture and investigation.—*Clearfield Republican.*

FACTS WORTH KNOWING!—*Great Reduction of Stock and Prices.*—Being determined to reduce our assortment to the lowest possible point before TAKING STOCK, we have gone over all our goods and MARKED DOWN THE PRICES to figures that are bound to sell them. Many articles have been reduced to cost, and others below cost.

Have a very handsome line of Double and Single Shawls; also, Paisley, Broche and Thibet Shawls—all of which must be sold, even at a sacrifice.

A large stock of White and colored Blankets, Bradie's and other makes of Barred Flannels, Gassimeres, Dress Goods, Silks, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins, Calicoes, Furnishing and Millinery Goods, and other merchandise in great variety—all bought this season and now selling at Panic Prices at

GEIS & FOSTER'S
Popular Dry Goods Store, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.
John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Town Hall Square, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [Jul.3.-tf.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, free of charge; with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
204 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

THE March winds blow and the clouds look low, while down comes the snow; but blow high or blow low, to Geis & Reuth you should go, whose store you may know is at 124 Clinton st., Johnstown, where they are tumbling out to their crowds of customers rolls upon rolls of beautiful gilt Paper Hangings at such low rates as to astonish even the natives. Housekeepers preparing for the first of April will save money by buying their Wall Papers from Geis & Reuth. They keep also a splendid variety of beautifully bound books, plain and gilt frames and fancy pictures—all of which they will sell at the lowest possible figures. Give them a call.

LEGENDARY.—It is thought that the legend in the last *Tribune* was written by Butler & Alexandiller, successors to Leopold Mayer, No. 212 Main street, Johnstown, the renowned dealers in dry goods and like commodities. If this be true, or even if it ain't true, they deserve to receive all the custom from the territory drained by the Stoney Creek, and from several other places, for it is a good legend. They should write another and locate it in Whentfield township, Indiana county; but in the meantime let them keep on selling cheap and fashionable dry goods, and everybody will patronize them.

SLEEP.—People who cannot sleep well at night should take five drops of laudanum, sing Old Hundred, count one hundred sheep crossing a fence one by one, whistle Yankee Doodle one hundred times over—and then go to Harry Mayer and buy a full suit of new ready-made clothing at No. 214 Main street, Johnstown, under the Opera House, and our word for it, they will sleep calmly. Mayer's made-up clothing for men and boys is also a good cure for colds, asthma, catarrh, and consumption, if bought and worn immediately. Try these great remedies.

ANOTHER MURDER!—S. J. Hess & Bro. murdered high prices last week by selling made-up clothing cheaper than it was ever sold, at their popular Clothing Store, No. 241 Main st., Johnstown. The coroner held an inquest over one suit. Verdict of the jury: "The best clothing this side of Paris or London." His jurisdiction was not contested, being less than ten miles from high prices. Call at Hess & Brothers and buy a wedding suit, or any other suit or part of a suit. They can suit you or "any other man."

THE BROGUE.—We heard an Irishman talking Dutch with the brogue, the other day, in L. Cohen's Cheap Hat Parlor Store, No. 227 Main street, Johnstown. His tongue trilled the German beautifully, putting us in mind of General Scott's high Irish and Dutch sweet German sentiment combined. But Cohen sold him a hat—yes, and a hundred more hats and caps the same day. He likewise took a set of furs along for his frow. Cohen does a big business, and the reason why he does it is that he sells so cheap.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.—We cannot too earnestly invite the attention of our gentlemen friends to the closing out sale of ready-made clothing and furnishing goods at the store late of Jacob Pircher, dec'd, Mountgomery st., Hollidaysburg. We say with truth, goods to be sure to make, pleasing in styles, firm in textures, varied in patterns, and fully as cheap in prices as wholesale city rates. These are facts, and those who want to buy clothing will do well to be guided by them. Bargains for all buyers.

SHEMUS O'BRIEN.—Again has the ghost of Shemus appeared on the outside of your last paper. Jas. J. Murphy wants all the copies he can get to the up ready-made clothing, which he is selling at No. 108 Clinton street, Johnstown; He will also purchase the "Fairy Queen" for the same purpose, as his sales of men's and boys' clothing are now immense, and daily increasing. All kinds of gent's furnishing goods at Murphy's Star Hall.

I WAS getting gray and didn't like it. NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE restored the color of my hair, cleansed my scalp, and pleased me wonderfully. Nothing like it in the world, nor ever was or ever will be. Lemmon & Murray sell it. See advertisement.

A sure preventive for gray hair is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Try it.

New Advertisements.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., SEMINARY,
Rev. JOSEPH WAUGH, Principal.
SPRING TERM BEGINS APRIL 1ST.
Successful, Thorough, Economical, Healthful.

Duff's College!

The oldest and most reliable Institution for obtaining a Mercantile Education. Practical business men as instructors. For information, write for a Circular to P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHEAP FARMS! FREE HOMES!
ON THE LINE OF THE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.
A LAND GRANT OF
12,000,000 ACRES
IN THE
BEST FARMING AND MINERAL LANDS IN AMERICA.
3,000,000 Acres in Nebraska!
IN THE
GREAT PLATTE VALLEY,
THE
GARDEN OF THE WEST,
NOW FOR SALE!

These lands are in the central portion of the United States, on the 41st degree of North Latitude, the central line of the great Temperate Zone of the American Continent, and for grain growing and stock raising unsurpassed by any in the United States.
CHEAPER IN PRICE, more favorable terms given, and more convenient to market than can be found elsewhere.

Free Homesteads for Actual Settlers.
THE BEST LOCATIONS FOR COLONIES
Soldiers Entitled to a Homestead of 160 Acres.
Free Passes to Purchasers of Land.
Send for the New Descriptive Pamphlet, with new maps, published in English, German, Swedish and Danish, mailed free everywhere. Address O. F. DAVIS,
Land Commissioner, U. P. R. R. Co.,
OMAHA, NEB.

EXTRAORDINARY IMPROVEMENTS
—IN—
CABINET ORGANS!
The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. respectfully announce the introduction of improvements of much more than ordinary interest. These are REED AND PIPE CABINET ORGANS, being the only successful combination of REAL PIPES with reeds ever made;
DAY'S TRANSPOSING KEY-BOARD, which can be instantly moved to the right or left, changing the pitch, or transposing the key. *For drawings and descriptions, see Circulars.*
NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES OF
DOUBLE REED CABINET ORGANS,
at $140, $182 and $125 each. *Considering Capacity, Elegance, and Thorough Elegance of Workmanship, these are cheaper than any before offered.*
The MASON & HAMLIN Organs are acknowledged BEST, and from their extraordinary facilities for manufacture this Company are prepared to *underbid* any other manufacturers, and will not be undersold.
UNPRECEDENTEDLY CHEAPEST.
FOUR OCTAVE ORGANS $50 each; FIVE OCTAVE ORGANS $100, $125 and upwards. With *three stops* $150 and upwards. *Forty styles, up to $1500 each.*
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, and TESTIMONIALS FROM MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND MUSICIANS, sent free.
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,
154 Tremont St., Boston. 596 Broadway, N. Y.

PORTABLE SODA FOUNTAINS
$40, $50, $75 and $100.
GOOD, DURABLE, AND CHEAP!
SHIPPED READY FOR USE!
MANUFACTURED BY
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SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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BEFORE ASSURING YOUR LIFE, examine the New Tontine Savings Fund plan, just introduced by the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, by which an endowment policy is granted at about half rates.
End of 10 years, 104 per ct. of premiums returned.
" 15 " 151 " "
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New business, 1871, 41,300,000, largest in world.
Assets.....$18,000,000 Income.....$8,000,000
Reliable Agents Wanted, very liberal terms.
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THE Female Soldier!—Unsexed; *or, The Female Soldier.* The Thrilling Adventures, Experiences and Escapes of Miss Loreta Velazquez, as Spy, Scout and Nurse, in Camps, Battle Fields and Hospitals, 12 full-paged illustrations, and portrait on steel. This absorbing book, elegantly illustrated, crown 8vo., and beautifully bound in cloth, richly ornamented in black and gold, is sold only by subscription. Price $2.25. *Philadelphia Publishing Co.*, Philadelphia, Pa. The *Agents* who first send $1.25 for outfit will get the territory for this fast-selling book.

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and all who contemplate Building, supplied with our new Illustrated Catalogue on receipt of stamp.
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A WORK DESCRIPTIVE of the CITY OF NEW YORK in all its VARIOUS PHASES.
Its splendors and wretchedness; its high and low life; its marble palaces and dark dens; its attractions and dangers; its Rings and Frauds; its leading men and politicians; its adventurers; its charities; its mysteries and crimes. Illustrated with Nearly 250 Fine Engravings.
Send for Circulars, with terms and a full description of work. National Publishing Co., Phil'a, Pa.

WANTED--AGENTS
To sell the Improved Florence Sewing Machine.
Makes four different stitches.
Runs the work four ways.
Fastens its own ends.
Durability, its without equal. Liberal terms. Send for circular.
For Beauty, Simplicity and Durability, its without equal. Liberal terms. Send for circular. **No. 1123 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**
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AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

U.S. Piano Co., N. Y. 1st class $290. No Agents. Names of patrons in 40 States in Circular.

GUNDURANGO.
Supply of Bark Assured--Price Reduced
BLISS, KEENE & CO.'S FLUID EXTRACT
Cures Cancer, Scrofula, Syphilis, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pulmonary Complaints, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, all Blood Diseases. Is purely vegetable. *The best known Blood Purifier.* Sold by all Druggists. Price, $3 per bottle. Observe the trade mark. Send for Circular. Office, 60 Cedar St., New York.

$1,000 REWARD,
For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that *De Bing's Pile Remedy* fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all Druggists. Price, $1.00.

FOR SALE—A FARM OF 114 ACRES—3 miles from St. August

JOHN COVODE.

THE REASON WHY HE NEVER FORGAVE THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The following, concerning the old rascal, told by a Washington correspondent, is pretty good:

One day, early in the session, Covode told one of his friends that there was a good deal of whisky drank in that room. His friend seemed perfectly indifferent to the information merely answering, "I s'pose so."

"Well," said Covode, "I don't much object to the boys drinking all they want, but I don't want them to walk off with it in wholesale. I'm not ambitious to keep a wholesale establishment. A fair retail business is all I care for. They may come here, if they're our friends, and drink as much as they want, but I don't want them to steal it. I don't want them to take a bottle today, a demijohn to-morrow, and a keg the next day."

"Have a new lock put on your wash-stand, then."

"That's a good idea," said Uncle John, "it's a wonder I hadn't thought of it before."

So a new lock was put on the washstand—a large rosewood case with doors in the front and a marble top. This would hold a small keg of whisky, two or three demijohns, or a couple of dozen bottles. The new lock did not seem to work very satisfactorily. A day or two after it was adjusted, the whole store, about a dozen strong, was taken. A few days after the lock was changed again; no use—more whisky gone mysteriously. Finally a very intricate and complicated lock was put on. Then the robbery was to stop sure. The very next night a demijohn disappeared.

It was but natural that by this time Uncle John became a little discouraged and unhappy. Still, he could not give up the luxury of having something nice about him all the time. It was pleasant to give a friend a drink once in a while, and it was sociable, and finally he got mad and swore he would be doggoned if he wouldn't keep a little of the stuff in his room, and he would be doggoned if he would allow anybody to steal it. So he set a trap. A new stock had arrived that day, and he put it in the washstand, as usual. After the House adjourned, he concealed himself in the room, and waited. He did not have to wait long. He heard two pairs of feet tip-toeing up to the door. He laid low. Pretty soon a key turned in the lock, and then two men entered. From his hiding place Uncle John peeped out and recognized two waggish Democratic members, who were fond of their joke, but still fonder of Uncle John's whisky. Still Uncle John laid low, but kept his eyes open. The two men walked straight to the wash stand, and deliberately *lifted off the marble top.*—This was all, but it was enough for Uncle John. He kept quiet, however, until they had handed out two or three bottles. And then he stepped out and said:

"That'll do, boys, I want the rest."

There was at first consternation on one side, as may be imagined, and anger on the other, but these soon gave way to laughter and laughter was succeeded by drinks. It was a good joke on both sides, but Uncle John Covode, to the day of his death, never forgave the Democratic party for that trick.

A PHOTOGRAPH ROMANCE.—*How a Lucky Gotham Girl Secured a Husband.*—The days of romance are not altogether passed away, says a New York letter to the Boston *Times*, if a story I heard yesterday was true. It was a case of love at first sight, or rather the love before the sight. A gentleman who has an abundance of that agreeable article known as money, which he has no inclination to spend in a wild life, had made up his mind that he wanted to marry. He was acquainted with no lady to whom he wished to propose, so he waited for the desired creature to come around, as a great many people says she is sure to do some day or other.

Happening one afternoon in a photograph gallery, he saw a package of cartes de visite lying on the counter, where they had been temporarily placed. He gazed intently at the uttermost picture of the package, and concluded it was just the picture that suited him.

"May I ask," he said to the attendant behind the counter, "the name of that lady?"

"It would be against our rules to give her name," was the reply. "But even if it was not so, I could tell you nothing more than the name, as I know nothing about her, not even her residence. She came here last week and ordered a dozen photographs, which are promised for to-morrow."

The stranger returned thanks for the information and walked out. But he watched the door of that establishment all that afternoon, and every time a lady approached he eyed her to see if she was the original of the picture. He was at his post next day, and the next, and on the third afternoon he was rewarded by seeing her. He followed her as she went away, and, after a wearisome tramp among dry goods stores and millinery establishments, he traced her home.

Then he went to work to ascertain who she was, and found that her parents were entirely reputable people, in moderate circumstances, and that the character of the lady herself was above the slightest reproach. Then he sought the father, stated his object, gave the most undoubted references, and did not call again until the old gentleman had examined them. He was introduced and you can easily guess the rest. No cards.

A DETROIT MAN, who had contributed a bundle of his cast off clothing for the relief to the victims of the Minnesota fire received from one of the sufferers the following note:

"The comm ity man giv me amongst other things, what he called a pare ov pants, and 'twood make me pant sum to ware 'em. I found your name an' where you live on one ov the pokits. My wife laffed so when I shode 'em to her that I thot she would have a conipshun fit. She wan's to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs so bigger than that. She sed if there was he orter to be taken up fur having no visible means ev support. I couldent get 'em on my oldest boy, so I used 'em fur gun cases. If you hav another pare my wife wood like to get 'em to hang up by the side ov the fire plase to keep the tongs in."

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—At one of our churches on Sunday, says an exchange, while the deep-toned organ was playing vociferously, a good lady whispering to her neighbor in the pew had to raise her voice quite high in order to be heard. Suddenly the organ changed from loud to soft, when the lady, not taking note of the organ, was heard to say to her friend, "We fry ours in butter." Perhaps the congregation didn't snicker.

—There is a deed on record in the town of Scitico, Conn., bearing date of 1826, conveying from certain parties to the "Society of Shaking Quakers," a gin distillery "for the express uses and purposes of support and help of said community, and for the support of the Gospel and the relief of the poor, the widow and the fatherless of this world, as the Gospel may ire."

A HEN'S EGG with a brass button inside puzzles the Illinois philosophers.

New Advertisements.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS OF NEW YORK.

A WORK DESCRIPTIVE of the CITY OF NEW YORK in all its VARIOUS PHASES.

Its splendors and wretchedness; its high and low life; its marble palaces and dark dens; its attractions and dangers; its **Rings** and **Frauds**; its leading men and politicians; its adventurers; its charities; its mysteries and crimes. Illustrated with Nearly **250** Fine Engravings.

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HISTORY OF

The Great Fires

In CHICAGO and the WEST by Rev. E. J. GOODSPEED, D.D., of Chicago. Only complete history. 700 8vo. pages; 60 engravings. 70,000 already sold. Price $2.50. 2000 agents made in 20 days. Profits go to sufferers. AGENTS WANTED. H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, N. York.

CELTIC WEEKLY.

The greatest illustrated Original Story Paper in America. **Eight New Original Stories** in first number. No literary treat equal to it. Agents and Canvassers wanted in every town and city of the Union. $8 a week easily realized by the sale of this extraordinary Irish and American Journal. Specimen copies free. For sale by all newsdealers. Price, 6c.; $2.50 per year. Address M. J. O'LEARY & CO., P. O. Box 6,674, New York.

WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO READ!

Being classified lists of Choice Reading, with appropriate Hints and Remarks, adapted to the General Reader, to subscribers, and to persons intending to form collections of Books. 1 vol. 12 mo. 152 pages. Price, 50 cents. Sent free by mail on receipt of the price. D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

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The MASON & HAMLIN Organs are acknowledged **BEST**, and from extraordinary facilities for manufacture this Company can afford, and *mean undertake* to sell at prices which render them UNQUESTIONABLY CHEAPEST.

FOUR OCTAVE ORGANS $50 each; FIVE OCTAVE ORGANS $100, $125 and upwards. With *three sets reeds* $150 and upwards. *Forty styles*, up to $1500 *each.*

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, and TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, with opinions of MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND MUSICIANS, sent free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont St., Boston. 596 Broadway, N. Y.

[*INCORPORATED 1860.*]

Columbia Fire Insurance Co.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

S. S. DETWILER, Pres't. | ROBT. CRANE.
H. WILSON, Vice-Pres't | WM. PATTON.
HERR'T THOMAS, Treas | JAS. SCHROEDER.
J. F. FRUEAUFF, Sec'y. | J. S. SHRINE.
J. B. BACHMAN. | M. M. STRICKLER.
GEO. BOGLE. | R. T. RYON.

For Insurance or Agencies, address *J. F. FRUEAUFF, Sec'y, Columbia. Pa.*

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. STINSON & CO., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

U. S. Piano Co., N. Y. 1st class $290. No Agents. Names of patrons in 40 States in Circular.

OPIUM EATERS! $500 Reward for any case of *opium habit* our **Antidote** will not cure. No pain or inconvenience. Sent on receipt of $3.00. S. G. ARMSTRONG, M. D., Healing Institute, Berrien Springs, Mich.

EXCURSION TICKET!

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO, AND RETURN.

GOOD FOR SIXTY DAYS.

☞ The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at

SPENCE'S GALLERY, *HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.*

EXCURSION TICKET

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of Auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street. *M. L. OATMAN,*
Ebensburg, prll 22, 1871.-tf.

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH" will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any time after Easter.

☞ For terms apply to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY, Charges moderate.
Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.--tf.

L. LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, *EBENSBURG, PA.*

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest or upon time with interest at fair rates.

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa,

Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr.21.-tf.]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, Cigars, Tobacco, Notions, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House, Ebensburg, Pa. [April 17, 1868.]

Sewing Machine Agents WANTED,

TO SELL THE

"DOMESTIC"

The *Domestic* is not a new machine, but has been sold, in a small way, for some six yrs., during which time the most skilled inventors have labored to simplify and improve, until to-day it is so far ahead of all others as to defy competition.

It has but sixty pieces, counting every part of Machine and stand, while the Howe Machine contains 244. This will give an idea of its simplicity. It will do work, fine and coarse, that no other machine will attempt, from the finest gossamer to FIFTY thicknesses of dressed muslin; it will sew without change of needle, thread or tension. All movable parts are made of hardened steel and burnished bearings.

IT MAKES NO NOISE WHATEVER,

and the proprietors hereby offer

A Reward of One Hundred Dollars for any other Lock Stitch Machine that will run as light.

The shuttle is a cylinder, without a rivet or spring; can be filled by a blind person, and holds one hundred yards of cotton!

We claim it, and can show, a list of fifty points of superiority over any machine in the market.

To experienced agents the most liberal inducements will be offered. Machines consigned and commissions paid in full, in cash, at the end of each month. A handsome wagon, worth $250.00, furhished without charge, and sufficient time given to purchasers to enable the agent to compete with any Company in the State.

R. W. STEADMAN & CO.,
No. 29 Sixth Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

WITH THE

NEW DRAW FEED,

Has just been received, and is now the BEST FAMILY MACHINE in the market. It makes the

Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless, Easily Operated,

and very effective. We want GOOD SEWING MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory, to whom we will give the MOST LIBERAL TERMS. The *ELLIPTIC* is the EASIEST MACHINE TO SELL in the market.

HOWARD EATON & CO.
General Agents,
17 FIFTH AVENUE,
Feb. 24, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

Agents Wanted

—FOR THE—

FLORENCE Sewing Machine.

Wherever the FLORENCE Machine has been introduced, it has met with the greatest success. It is the only machine making four different stitches and having the Reversible Feed. The machinery is perfect, and the motions positive. It runs light, and very fast, and sews coarse or fine fabrics. The Hemmer will turn wide or narrow hems, and fells beautifully. All attachments go with the machine.

For information apply to or address

HECKERT & McKAIN,
No. 8 Sixth Street,
March 2, 1872.-3m. *PITTSBURGH.*

NOW IS THE TIME! **WANTED.**

Good Reliable Agents,

TO SELL THE

NEW UNDER FEED **WILSON** SEWING MACHINE!

in THIS COUNTY. Best Machine in the World. Best Selling Machine in Market. Price, complete, $45.00. Written warrantee for five years. Apply immediately to

SMITH & FORRESTER,
[3-2.-3m.] 14 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa

THE BICKFORD **FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE**

The Neatest, the Best, and the Cheapest.

NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.

Knits Everything. Price 25 Dollars.

Persons desirous of purchasing Machines can get circulars and information, and have their Machines sent free of charge on receipt of price, by applying to

JAMES McBRIDE, Ag't for Western Penn'a. No. 1 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Enterprising Agents wanted in every County, to whom liberal terms will be given. [3-16-1m.]

AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted Immediately, four active, energetic men, to act as Agents for the

"NEW" Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine

in THIS COUNTY. Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a BOND, need apply. We will pay GUARANTEED SALARIES, or LIBERAL commissions, to PROPER MEN. Only such men as *really desire* to enter the business need apply. WM. SUMNER & CO., No. 140 WOOD ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.

F. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES F. NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE —OF— TIERNEY & NULL,

Colonade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

GEO. W. OATMAN.....J. GALLITZIN LAKE.

OATMAN & LAKE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Prompt attention given to CLAIMS of all kind in Cambria county, and throughout the United States and Canadas. [Feb. 10.-ly.*]

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. | T. R. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SECHLER & SCANLAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Advice given in English and German.

C. W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [6-9nv.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY.

SHOEMAKER & BERRY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, March 11, 1871. *EBENSBURG, PA.*

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A SINGULAR TREE.—Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the cannon ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon balls, hence the name. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and make an excellent drink in sickness.

DEATH AMONG CROWS.—A gentleman who has been riding through the country, below Buchanan, says the Fincastle, Va., *Herald*, informs us that he witnessed a most singular phenomenon a few days ago. A large number of crows were congregated in that section, and were dying by hundreds. Their dead carcasses were lying in fence corners, under trees, etc., and those that were alive could be approached and killed with sticks. They appeared to be blind and dying from some unknown cause. The matter excites considerable comment in the neighborhood.

THE HAWK AND THE WEASEL.—As a Mr Compton, of Southfield, near Lea, Wilts, was walking through a field in the parish, with his gun, his attention was engaged by a hawk hovering over what he imagined to be a mouse. After due deliberation, he suddenly made a dart at his intended victim, and which proved to be a weasel. The old adage, "catch a weasel asleep," held good in this instance; the weasel saw his danger and instantly seized the hawk by the head. A severe struggle here ensued, but at last the hawk succeeded in disengaging himself, and got away. Nothing daunted, however, he returned to the conflict as game as at first. The struggle then recommenced, and very soon after the weasel was seen dragging the dead hawk towards the hedge, when Mr. C. shot the weasel, and found the hawk, as before described, quite dead, and his head bitten entirely through in several places.

AN AFFECTIONATE PIGEON.—A man set to watch a field of peas which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old cock pigeon, that had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many years cooed, and nourished from his own crop, and assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner. The laborer took up the dead bird and tied it to a short stake, thinking it would frighten away the other depredators. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued, day after day, walking slowly around the stick. The kind-hearted wife of the bailiff of the farm at last heard of the circumstance, and immediately went to afford what relief she could to the poor bird. On arriving at the spot she found the hen bird much exhausted, and that she had made a circular beaten track round the dead pigeon, making now and then a little spring towards him. On the removal of the dead bird the hen returned to the dove-cote.

A RIVER IN THE OCEAN.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the waters of the sea. In addition to this there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods ot the Amazon and Orinoco.

A MAN WITH A HAIRY TONGUE.—A reporter of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* has discovered a negro with a hirsute tongue, at Covington, whom he thus describes: On opening his mouth he protruded a long tongue, on which hair over half an inch long was growing thickly. The color was sandy red, and, as the hair sloped backward, it gave him pain while speaking. At the root of each hair the flesh was blue. He has no hair on his face, though he says he is fully forty years old. His wool is like that of any other darkey—black and kinky. He is perfect in every limb and feature, except his tongue; and what is also remarkable, he has gray eyes. On questioning him he gave the following facts: He was born in Xenia, O., of a white woman, his father being black.—On the breaking out of the war he entered a colored regiment as corporal. He was wounded at Petersburg and at the end of the war returned to Ohio, from whence he came to Covington about a year ago. He has none of the idioms of the negro, and except a thickness of speech, caused by the growth of hair on his tongue, his pronunciation is perfect. He is employed by Blick & Phillips as a coal heaver, and any one wishing to do so can see him and his tongue. He has no hesitation in making faces for those who call on him. Very few persons in the city of Covington know of this free show.

THE LAUGHING PLANT.—In Palgrave's "Eastern and Central Arabia," we are told some interesting facts concerning this singular plant. The active principle appears to reside principally in its seeds. These seeds, when pewdered and administered in full judicious quantities, produce effects similar to those produced by the celebrated laughing-gas of Sir Humphrey Davy. The person to whom the drug is administered, laughs, sings, dances, and conducts himself in the most extravagant and ludicrous style. After an hour of this intense excitement, he falls asleep, and, upon awakening, is totally unconscious of anything that he said or did while under the influence of the drug. It is a common joke to put a small quantity into the coffee of some unsuspecting individual, in order to enjoy a laugh at his antics; and it is said that, when judiciously given, it has never produced any evil effects. The plants which bear these berries grow only in Arabia. In Kaseem it hardly attains the height of six inches above the ground, while in Gman it has reached the height of three or four feet, with wide-spreading limbs. The stems are woody, and when stripped of the bark have a yellowish tinge; the leaf is of a dark green color, and pinnated, with about twenty leaflets on either side; the stalks are smooth and shining: the flowers are yellow, and grow in tufts, and anthers numerous.—The fruit is a capsule, stuffed with greenish padding, in which lie imbedded two or three black seeds, in size and shape much like French beans. Their taste is sweetish, but with a peculiar opiate flavor. The smell is overpowering and almost sickly.

NATURE'S **HAIR RESTORATIVE**

TRADE MARK.

PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT.—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-ly.]

WOOD, MORRELL & CO., WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR **UNDERSTANDINGS!**

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.
Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
Altoona, Pa.,

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS, PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11. '71.-tf.]

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula**, and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions**, and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm**, and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility**, and **Leucorrhœa**, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Dr. Crook's WINE or TAR Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures and saving relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all.
Asthma.—The relief and cure of it are marvelous.
Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure.
Throat Ailments require only a few doses.
Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable.
Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.
Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ.
Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.
Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.
Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it **rapidly restores exhausted strength**, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Blood, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and all Blood, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

A Life Insurance Romance.

A quarter of a century ago Miss Eunice Whitbeck, Luzerne county, Pa., was a gushing young thing of some seventy summers, with a fair prospect of living to become a woman of mature years. But Mr. Abram Oakley was self confidentially of the opinion that she couldn't possibly live always. And so, when he, at the remote period named above, went to the agency of a Connecticut insurance company and proposed to have her sweet young life insured, for his own benefit, in the sum of $1,300, the company accepted the proposition with an emotion of prophetic joy and ground out the policy on the spot. Mr. Oakley made the annual payments of the premium promptly for some years, constantly hoping that a venerable female funeral would speedily lift him into the possession of the thirteen hundred dollars. But, as Miss Eunice persistently lived on, in spite of his tearful supplications to the gods that they would love her sufficiently to enable her to die young, or as young as the peculiar nature of the case would permit, and as she seemed to be, in fact,

One of the few confounded things
That were not born to die,

he became discouraged after a while, and disposed of the policy to the first man he could find willing to take the risk off his hands. That man was Peter Conkling, possibly a distant relative of Roscoe of that ilk. For seven long years—the several holders of the policy all would seem to have had long 'ears—Peter came around punctually with the required annual payments; but, finding at the expiration of that period that the fair brow of the gentle and never-dying maiden was still,

Fanned by the wing of life's beat angel—health,

he, too, became discouraged at the Cimmerian hue of the prospect ahead, and sold out to another of the Conklings, who when invited to quench his thirst in the gently flowing bowl, answered to the baptismal name of James. And James, with a fiery, untamed eye, fixed immovably upon the thirteen hundred dollars, which had so long eluded the grasp of his predecessors, continued to pay the premium every year, until one day he quietly took the through train for the other shore, leaving the reverse but lovely Eunice still blooming, in the serene age of ninety, in seemingly immortal youth and undying freshness of soul. And then his executors took up the payments where he had left off, and kept them up, until one fine day not long ago, when the intelligence came that, in the family of that female 'Imp of the Perverse," there was an immediated demand for "a dirge for her doubly dead, in that she died so young"—that the venerable insured, in short, had at last gone hence, at the age of ninety-three. Whereupon, the insurance company cheerfully handed over to Mr. Conkling's executors the long sought thirteen hundred dollars, having received, from first to last, about twenty six hundred in premiums on that one policy alone. And now, hereafter the Oakleys and Conklings will leave the lives of venerable females to the risk of their owners, and will yield to somebody else the pious duty of rearing a monumental